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POOR OLD SPAIN!—[FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. SHELTON.]

WINTER'S HERALD.

FORTH from the ice-king's palace rides
  His snappish servant, Frost;
His charger is the cold, keen blast
  With which the leaves are tossed;
And he calls with a loud and piercing cry,
"'Tis time earth's beauties fade and die!

"Come, flowers, now put away your pride,
  And bow your heads at last!
Your day of reign is well-nigh o'er;
  Our chains shall bind ye fast!"
And the flowers shudder unto death,
And fall beneath the herald's breath.

Then onward hies the chilling frost:
  "Haste, stately trees, to yield
Your treasured leaves! Behold, my breath
  Shall spread them o'er the field!"
And the trees are standing desolate,
Their leaves hurled downward to their fate.

Still faster speeds the herald o'er
  The sighing, trembling earth;
The meadows darken 'neath his feet,
  The brooks forget their mirth,
Until, beneath the ice-king's sway,
The earth, with grief and woe, turns gray.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

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THE CUBAN QUESTION.

WHAT war is we of this generation in this country know. The man who blindly invokes it is a fool. It is sometimes a last and stern necessity, but it is always terrible. Even HENRY CLAY, who drove MADISON into proposing war with England in 1812, and who was the most ardent and passionate foe of Spanish power in South America, exclaimed, in one of his most famous passages: "It is not every cause for war that should lead to war. War is one of those dreadful scourges that so shakes the foundations of society, overturns or changes the character of governments, interrupts or destroys the pursuits of private happiness, brings, in short, misery and wretchedness in so many forms, and, at last, is in its issue so doubtful and hazardous, that nothing but dire necessity can justify an appeal to arms." In his noble discourse upon PYM, GOLDWIN SMITH says of revolution what is true of war: "Let us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm. Revolutions are not only full of all that a good citizen and a good Christian hates while they last, but they leave a long train of bitterness behind. The energy and the exaltation of character which they call forth are paid for in the lassitude, the depression, the political infidelity, which ensue."

The pot-house clamors for war, but the home pays for it. Newspapers that urged the American people to yield to the threats of more than a Spanish barbarity, and acquiesce in the overthrow of their government by slave-holders, which denounced Mr. SEWARD's declaration that there is always an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery as a brutal and bloody manifesto of civil war, and which were not in the least troubled by the lash and the knife daily torturing four millions of people under our own flag, and those who for four years directly or indirectly sought to tear it down in disgrace, are profoundly concerned lest the honor of that flag should suffer by the slaughter in Cuba, and cry aloud for war, immediate, bloody, unsparing. From such sources the cry is despicable. War may be necessary, but let us see what it means. War with Spain would be the overthrow of the Spanish republic by ours—a gleeful spectacle to every enemy of republicanism in the world; it would be total anarchy in that country, already torn by dissension; desolation and massacre in Cuba; tragedy and heart-break in American homes; ravage of our coasts, enormous taxation, and suffering of the poor; it would be, after a sanguinary struggle, the separation of Cuba from Spain, to add, sooner or later, the murderers of Santiago and Havana, the Volunteers, the slaves—fifteen hundred thousand people of an alien race, language, religion, traditions, character, habits, steeped in ignorance, superstition, and ferocity—to the population of the United States. We do not say that all this might not result in benefits to humanity. We do not say, as we did not say ten years ago, that the suffering and sorrow of the means should blind us to the glory of the end. Only when orators and newspapers cry frantically for war, let them know what they demand, and be very sure that humanity will bless them for the result.

There is, of course, a possibility of war. In the first place, was the *Virginius* an American ship? If so, Spain is responsible for the capture and its consequences. The American doctrine is stated in Mr. WEBSTER'S letter to Mr. EVERETT in 1843, when Great Britain asserted the right of visit in time of peace. A ship may be called on to show her papers. But "the use of her papers is in time of war to prove her neutrality when visited by belligerent cruisers," "not in time of peace on the high seas, where her rights are equal to the rights of any other vessel, and where none has a right to molest her." He added: "The Government of the United States fully admits that its flag can give no immunity to pirates, nor to any other than regularly documented American vessels." But in time of peace if any ship of war suspects that a flag is misused upon the high seas, it may only approach and accompany and observe; it can not visit, because, as Mr. WHEATON says, the right of search upon the high seas in time of peace would have "consequences far more fatal than those attending the ordinary belligerent right of search." If, therefore, the *Virginius* was an American ship, but not otherwise, and if she was unlawfully captured upon the high seas, we must insist that Spain shall make every reparation, including the exemplary punishment of the actual offenders, and a satisfactory guarantee that hereafter hostilities shall be humanely conducted, and that captives shall not be shot as rebels, but treated as prisoners of war. There is Spanish precedent, if that be wanting, for in 1820 the Spanish General MORILLO, as savage a soldier as BURRIEL, and the patriot General BOLIVAR made such an engagement in the republic of Colombia.

Should Spain decline to make this reparation and engagement, we must take care of our own ships and citizens, as we must if it should appear that Spain has lost control of Cuba. We could begin that care only by an armed demand upon the actual authorities in Cuba, which they would refuse, and the inevitable result would be war and our occupation of the island. If Spain, meanwhile, had declared war upon us, the other European powers would decide whether it would be useful for them, or any of them, to aid her. If they remained neutral, we should still not recognize the independence of Cuba and retire, lest she should annex herself to some other nation. Therefore, if Spain will not or can not give us the reparation that we may justly claim, or satisfy us that we shall have no further occasion to complain, one of the most serious misfortunes that can befall this country and the cause of free government would menace us in the annexation of Cuba.

Such a catastrophe would be an act of Nemesis. Fifty years ago we urged upon Spain, then a despotism, the retention of Cuba, knowing that it would be a bulwark of slavery in the United States. Twenty years ago we threatened Spain with stealing Cuba to extend the area of our slavery. And now, when Spain is a republic, and when we have abolished slavery, events seem to be tending to impose Cuba upon us, and with it all the ferocious and disorderly and chaotic elements which slavery breeds, to add to that part of our own population in which they already exist. The most serious danger that menaces this country is the moral and political weakening of the population. This would be hastened by a too rapid extension of territory, and especially by the addition of vast numbers of an utterly alien and incongruous people. The annexation of Cuba would thus be a grave misfortune. It would not necessarily be an insurmountable peril, but certainly one to be avoided if honorably practicable. The destruction of New York by fire would not be a fatal blow either to the country or to the human race. It might even occasion a revival of religion. But such a calamitous fire is not therefore to be desired.

A CHANCE OF ECONOMY.

Two or three years ago Senator FENTON proposed certain changes in the organization and methods of the customs service. However good they may have been, the fact that they were considered to have merely a party and personal inspiration swiftly disposed of them. But a searching and thorough revision of the whole customs system is most desirable, and would be a stroke of civil service reform sure to be most heartily welcomed by the country. Our present system was established when the commerce of the country was very small, and it has never been intelligently simplified and harmonized. It is full of abuses and extravagances and annoyances, which it would seem that every legislator must be as glad to reform as every tax-payer would be to see reformed. And yet change and improvement are highly improbable. Reform in this matter must be the work of a party. But, under a vicious civil service system, what party in power wishes to reduce its patronage?

A few facts and figures will show at least what opportunities of reform there are. There is a custom-house at Frenchman's Bay, in the State of Maine. During the last fiscal year the receipts at that seat of custom were thirty-six dollars and forty-five cents. The expenses of collecting that sum were six thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars. The Castine Custom-house collected three hundred and seventy-six dollars and fifty-four cents, at an expense of only eight thousand five hundred and sixty-two dollars and twenty-five cents. Kennebunk collected six dollars and twenty-nine cents, at a cost of twelve hundred and seventy-nine dollars; while York, in the same State, collected nothing, at an expense of three hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty-nine cents. St. Augustine in Florida collected the same amount, but at a cost of six thousand seven hundred and forty-one dollars and three cents. Indeed, in a list of sixty-eight of the smaller custom-houses there were eleven which collected nothing whatever, and the cost of collection was twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

There are various reasons urged for the continuance of these leaks of the Treasury, but the real reason is the patronage. There are a great many offices and dependencies and pickings and chances which are too valuable in a party sense for either party to strive very strenuously to remove. The whole system of abuses of this kind, however, is worth investigating, exposing, and reforming. And to the legislator who is disposed to undertake the work we commend the first principle laid down by EDMUND BURKE in his famous speech upon economical reform: "That all jurisdictions which furnish more matter of expense, more temptation to oppression, or more means and instruments of corrupt influence than advantage to justice or political administration, ought to be abolished."

TWEED'S CONVICTION.

IT is but three or four years ago that certain of TWEED'S retainers, and among them three or four respectable citizens, proposed to erect a statue to the man who has just been most justly convicted as a felon, and with the profoundest approval of the country. That single fact is an illustration both of the public peril and the public escape. The respectable citizens who signed the proposal did not dare to do otherwise. They knew the enormous power of the man, and his unscrupulous use of it. They knew that he was the chief of the dominant political party in the city; that the Governor and the Legislature obeyed his will; that judges on the bench were his tools, and lawyers at the bar his creatures; that he corrupted the press, and held bullies in his pay—and they signed under terror, as others sent bridal gifts to his daughter upon her marriage, knowing that he would publish their names, and not daring to refuse. No man's power seemed more absolute for his purposes than TWEED'S, and he was to have a statue! With WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN and SHAKESPEARE, he was to be honored in enduring marble or bronze as a human benefactor. Public decency was outraged. One of the most renowned and honored of American citizens exposed the infamy in the journal of which he is the senior editor. But "What will you do about it?" was the sneering reply. And all the while TWEED was a thief, and those who were to build the statue knew it, and three of the most conspicuous citizens looked into the accounts of his confederate, and declared under their signatures that they were correct.

Fortunately TWEED'S fall has been as signal as his success. Upon the distinct proof of his crimes the whole decent community arose and began the work of reform. But while his party was defeated and his immediate confederates either escaped or shrunk into obscurity, he was personally sustained by his constituency, and seemed to defy the wrath of public opinion. His stolen wealth enabled him still to buy the tricks and technicalities of lawyers, and for a long time he evaded justice. But at length brought to bay by the power of the honest State, and by the assiduity of law officers resolved that justice should be done, arraigned before a thoroughly able, brave, and incorruptible judge, whom all his arts could neither cajole nor terrify, nor all the wretched quibbles and bullyings of counsel confuse or deceive, by an honest and unbought jury of his fellow-citizens WILLIAM M. TWEED has been convicted of enormous and continued frauds, and will expiate his crimes, like other thieves, at Sing Sing or on Blackwell's Island.

If the career of this man is an illustration of the startling venality of our politics, the movement which ends in his conviction is the vindication of the power of the popular conscience working peacefully in legal forms. Our problem is to keep that conscience permanently active, so that dangers menacing to society itself may be averted in the beginning. It is true that after a long struggle we deal satisfactorily with TWEED, but are we dealing with Tweedism? Do we comprehend the practices and chances in politics that make TWEEDS and Tammany Rings not only possible, but probable? The overthrow of the Tammany Ring is one of the most auspicious and significant events in our political history. Good citizens justly congratulate themselves. But let them not forget that their political indifference produced it. The price of good government is not voting the regular ticket, but intelligence and vigilance. If good men will not take the trouble to govern, bad men will; and good government requires a great deal of trouble from every honest citizen.

BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.

MEXICO, Chili, Peru, and Bolivia early recognized the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents, and Peru has acknowledged their independence. The United States have been urged to do so, and the example of the Government in the contest between Spain and her American colonies from 1810 to 1822 has been often cited as condemning its present action by Mr. J. DE ARMAS Y CESPEDES in his appeal to Congress and the press. But the circumstances are essentially different. Those colonies had sea-ports, while the Cubans have none. To recognize the belligerency of the Cuban republic is to acknowledge its flag. Its sketch of a constitution authorizes letters of marque. But having no port, it could have no prize court. Our recognition of belligerence, therefore, would authorize it to cover the sea with privateers, which would be compelled to destroy their prizes. What would they do with the crews? And to what authority could we appeal for redress against the crimes of such privateers? How could we justify to humanity and civilization our action in authorizing them?

Belligerency, as Mr. CANNING said, is a fact, not a principle, and the fact is not mere fighting, but ability to deal with the present consequences of fighting. There must be some kind of efficient corporate existence, "a certain degree of force and consistency," as Mr. CANNING expressed it, in his famous note to Mr. STRATFORD CANNING in the case of Turkey and Greece; and he immediately illustrated his idea of the evidence of such force and consistency by saying, "A power or a community (whichever it may be called) which is at war with another, and which covers the sea with its cruisers, must either be acknowledged as a belligerent or dealt with as a pirate." Senator CARPENTER'S ingenious attempt to interpret the words of the neutrality act of 1818 so as to give to any insurrection belligerent rights failed utterly, and for the reason that Mr. SUMNER stated, namely, that there must be "achieved belligerence" before the fact can rightfully be acknowledged.

Those who recommend a recognition of belligerence are not, perhaps, aware that it would give every Spanish cruiser the right of stopping every suspicious American vessel upon the high seas—a right which, in the present situation, we do not allow, although Dr. WOOLSEY, a very eminent au-

thority, is reported in the account of an interview to have conceded it. His own work upon international law, however, states distinctly that the right of search is "only a war right;" and our government holds, as we have elsewhere stated, and without qualification, that a vessel on the high seas, in time of peace, is rightfully regarded as part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs, and subject to its "exclusive" jurisdiction. This is the American doctrine, and, according to the reports from Washington, it is the view of Mr. Fish. So far as Spain and the United States are concerned, this is a "time of peace;" for Spain does not admit that she is at war in Cuba, and the United States have not declared that war exists there. The case of the *Virginius*, if she be really an American vessel, is stronger for us as it is than it would be had the belligerence of the Cuban revolutionists been acknowledged.

It does not follow, however, that because belligerence can only justly be recognized upon a certain state of facts, we must look on with passive indifference at inhuman outrages and barbarous warfare. Fifty years ago, after Turkish ferocity left of the one hundred and fifty thousand people of the beautiful and hapless island of Scio only forty thousand women and children sold into slavery, the wrath of Europe compelled the Turk to recognize the independence of Greece. International law does not deny the right even of forcible intervention in behalf of humanity. Castelar and his republican brethren in Spain desire, no less than we, that this savage warfare in Cuba should be stayed; nor do we doubt that they will order it to cease, with the distinct knowledge that if it does not we shall interfere. But we are honorably bound to make the task of those who, as we know, sincerely sympathize with us, and who act in perfect good faith, as easy as possible. Let us defend our honor honorably.

GOVERNOR DIX AND POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

The feeling of all honorable party men in regard to the modern outrage known as political assessments, or the extortion of money for political purposes from the officers of the civil service, is most forcibly and plainly expressed in the following letter of Governor Dix, written when he was Postmaster of New York. We commend it especially to the meditation of those Republican papers which defended the late flagrant and contemptuous violation at the New York Post-office of the President's rule upon the subject. At the time the letter was written Governor Dix was a leader of the Democratic party, and the custom which he so trenchantly condemns is one of the abuses of administration introduced by that party. That abuse would soon be corrected if every officer holding a position similar to that then held by the Governor should inform the executive committee of his party that he proposed honorably and effectively to enforce the President's prohibition. The letter is another of the innumerable good services which Governor Dix has rendered to political morality.

"Post-office, New York, *October* 15, 1860.

"*André Froment, Esq., Chairman of the Democratic General Committee:*

"Sir,—I have received your letter soliciting a contribution from myself, and the privilege of assessing the subordinates in my office, to raise funds in aid of the 'Union ticket,' and the coming Presidential election.

"Before your letter was received I had engaged to contribute as large a sum as I can afford in aid of that ticket, and it is hardly necessary for me to add that I shall support it cordially by all the efforts in my power.

"In regard to an assessment on the subordinates in this office, I annex extracts from a letter written by me a few weeks ago in reply to a similar application from another organization.

"'I may say of a majority of them (the clerks in this office) that the assessments proposed to be made on them can not be paid without pinching their families, who are entirely dependent on their salaries. I can not consent to be the instrument of wringing from their necessities means indispensable to their daily wants. I think, moreover, that this system of assessing subordinates in public offices for political purposes, when they have, for the most part, no more than is sufficient to give their families the common necessaries of life, is all wrong. If men of means—lawyers, farmers, merchants, capitalists—whose property has so deep a stake in the maintenance of good government, will not consent to pay the legitimate expenses of our elections, we may as well abandon all hope of keeping up our organization by money.

"'Let me add that my contributions are made by me as a private citizen, and that I do not recognize the right of any committee to assess me as a Federal officer for political purposes.'

"I must refer you to these extracts for an answer to your letter.

"I deem it proper to add that I know nothing more degrading to our public offices, and those who fill them, than the practice which has existed of sending political tax-gatherers to the doors of the pay-room to levy contributions on the clerks as they emerge with their hard-earned stipends. *I can not allow this office to be so dishonored. I intend, if I can, to restore it to the respectability which belonged to the earlier and better days of the republic.*

"I shall be pleased to have my subordinates contribute voluntarily whatever they think they can afford to the support of the Democratic cause. But I can not permit any forced contribution to be levied on them. *On the contrary, I shall regard it as my duty to protect them from a system of political extortion disgraceful alike to the government and the country.*

"I am, Sir, very respectfully,

"John A. Dix."

JOHN P. HALE.

Twenty-five years ago the name of John P. Hale was very familiar. He was the first distinctly antislavery Senator, entering the Senate four years before Mr. Sumner, who, by a curious coincidence, took his seat upon the day that Henry Clay left the Senate forever. Mr. Hale was a man of an easy and popular eloquence, and if his genial and even jovial temperament sometimes seemed to some of his coadjutors in the great work to show a want of the severe earnestness which it demanded, it yet enabled him to secure a hearing and a consideration which might otherwise have been denied. Fortunately for him and for the cause, his sense of duty and the promptings of his ambition were coincident. He left the Democratic party when to extend slavery it annexed Texas by joint resolution; and, ostracised by Franklin Pierce and the other slavery chiefs in New Hampshire, he led a successful rebellion, and defeated them. Mr. Hale's work was wholly that of a pioneer. His political activity ended with the war, and he took no part in the legislation of reconstruction. But the confidence of the free-soil party made him its candidate for the Presidency in 1852. His old opponent, Franklin Pierce, received 1,585,545 votes, General Scott 1,383,537, and Mr. Hale 157,296. It showed little popular favor for his views. But in 1873, when he dies, those views have regenerated the country and reorganized the Union, while the name of the successful Pierce is a by-word, and that of John P. Hale will be always honorably and gratefully remembered in our history.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. II.

The English accent sounds like a foreign tongue to Americans, and it is difficult to conceive how so great a change in pronunciation can have taken place in the same race, or why the descendants of the contemporaries of Shakspeare should have diverged so widely from each other. It is scarcely possible sometimes to understand a party of Englishmen who talk together. Tone, accent, and inflections have all changed. Did Shakspeare use the modern English pronunciation, or even Johnson declaim his sonorous conversation in the rising inflections of Pall Mall? Professor Max Müller might find here a process to throw light on the disintegration of languages, possibly discover a new romance dialect forming from the broken members of the Norman and the Saxon. Yet the educated English speak with great elegance and care. Every syllable is enunciated, and every accent conveyed. The slight tendency to the aspirate is not unpleasing, and the rhythm of conversation is preserved with a natural grace. The American accent is softer and less abrupt than the English, the English more resonant and effective than the American, and it is probable that as the two branches of the Saxon family approach each other more closely in political institutions there will be a less wide divergence in language, and that the improvements of either upon the pronunciation of Shakspeare and Spenser will be shared by both. An accomplished woman taught Cicero his taste in language, and it will be the part of intelligent mothers to secure a general elegance and vigor for the English tongue.

For the English race there seem no symptoms of decay. Notwithstanding all the colonies it has thrown out, and all the nations it has founded, the mother island still pours forth its throngs of stalwart men and women. The thick, moist atmosphere of London is favorable to long life. All Englishmen who are well fed live long, and even the great company of the half-starved, who all their days never know plenty, contrive to feed on the moist air and the fragrant earth. The English are rapidly advancing in sanitary knowledge, and are the most healthful of nations. Quack doctors abound. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sirup occupies one of the finest offices in London. The English have always been in search of the elixir of life. Sir Walter Raleigh, who, had he fallen on a later age, might have lived prosperously as a Brandreth or a Townsend, invented in his solitary cell in the Tower a wonderful cure for all the prevalent diseases. What tobacco had failed to assuage he remedied with crabs' claws, cinnamon, and a compound of various properties. His medicine was singularly successful. He might have produced testimonials from princes and queens, and his only obstacle to fortune was the want of an advertising vehicle. The El Dorado which he sought in the New World lay undiscovered at his side in the Old. Bishop Berkeley was the inventor, and perhaps victim, of tar-water. Swift was never without his lotions and his pills, and few English of the earlier generations escaped the severest treatment of the physicians. But the modern Galens and Æsculapii are the Sanitary Commissions of the towns, who provide the people with fresh air and water, and have won no slight triumphs over the King of Terrors himself. Their labors in the past twenty years have produced a plain effect upon the duration of human life.

On the banks of the Thames mediæval and modern architecture blend in a somewhat artistic discordance. In the gray, dim cells of the Tower, but little better than the stone huts of our prehistoric ancestors, one sees the savage abodes of Norman and perhaps Saxon kings. The palace of Stephen, Henry, and John was little more comfortable than a den of wild beasts. Cold, dark, and narrow niches in walls of rude masonry, and chambers of stone, where the air and light were scarcely felt; the dim, gaunt chapel of St. John, the finest example of Norman taste, yet scarcely fitted, one might suppose, for a modern prison; stairways that run in the solid walls, steep and confined, like the entrance to the hut of the Esquimau, and chilling towers that must have frozen the blood of any thing but a wild boar or a panther, were the fitting abodes for the men of blood who inhabited them. Every cell of the Tower is suggestive of the habits of its inmates. It is no wonder that the occupants of these dens cut off the heads of gentlewomen and modest men; that they had the passions of savages and the selfishness of the brute; and the more carefully one studies this relic of the chivalric age the more plainly does its extreme barbarism appear. If the victims of the Tower could stand forth upon its battlements, they would form a strange and discordant multitude. Hundreds of intelligent and industrious Jews, the wisest of their contemporaries, have suffered in these awful cells, and perished at the hands of the most chivalric of English kings. Wycliffites and Puritans, papists and republicans, have endured in turn the terrors of the Tower dungeons. The pains of imprisonment were often increased by the sharpest tortures, and it is not so long ago that the rack and the thumbscrew were banished from English law. On the walls of these miserable dungeons are written in carvings that are sometimes almost beautiful the faint and few ideas of their speechless victims. One just coming from the rack exclaims, "By torture strange my truth was tried." John Dudley has carved the initials of his four brothers in a graceful device—the acorn, the rose, geranium, honeysuckle; and Lord Guilford Dudley apparently the touching memorial "Jane."

Yet the people of London, instead of tearing down their Bastile in a passionate tenderness for its victims, have preserved it as an instructive memorial. The Tower, in fact, may have served to stimulate that resolute love of freedom which has never failed to mark the Saxon throngs of Cheapside and London City. Always a centre of liberal thought, the influence of the Saxon metropolis has been felt in many lands in the strife between the people and the ruling castes, and in some has proved more effective than in its own. Wycliffe filled London with the conception of religious progress, Chaucer chanted to his willing audience the liveliest satires upon clerks and pardoners. It was in London that the Reformation fixed itself most deeply; it was Smithfield that blazed with the fires of Mary; it was the metropolis that gave the Bible to Elizabeth. London even held the imperious queen in some discreet awe, and London theatres aimed their keen thrusts at her depraved companions. Saxon London opposed the pedantic tyranny of James, and brought Charles to the block—the first strong appeal against the divine mission of kings. In London Pym, St. John, Eliot, Vane, founded a republic that struck down church, caste, and royalty, and over Saxon London Cromwell, to Milton "first of men," ruled with such discretion as he was capable of. Its Saxon throngs rose in the fierce madness of the Popish plot against Charles, expelled the ultramontane James II., and called in from Holland the most discreet of English sovereigns. London repelled the popish pretender, sustained Wilkes and free speech, Fox and human freedom; trembled at the universal sway of Napoleon, and overthrew him. And in our own day London is the sure refuge of liberal politicians, and the centre of advancing thought. Nor is it impossible that the Saxon city, the birth-place of Chaucer and of Milton, may again take the lead in the union of the Saxon family, and lend its immense strength to the formation of a community of nations that shall make a fresh stride toward humanity and peace.

Below the Tower, along the low shores of the Thames, stretches for twenty-five miles the most wonderful of modern sewers. Since Tarquin nothing so fine has been done for the purification of a city. A broad pathway of stone and a solid embankment and wall restrain the fitful stream that sometimes flows with a full current, and sometimes at low tide seems to shrink into a muddy ditch. The people throng the new street, and wander along the shore that a few years ago was a noisome marsh. The river is gay with swift steamers shooting the bridges, and from the broad promenade opens a long spectacle of palace, cathedral, the ancient abbey, the new Parliament Houses, the vast port filled with the commerce of the world, and above the towers and roofs of a city that has exceeded the grandeur of Semiramis and Hadrian. Below in the broad stone channel a wide conduit receives the converging sewers of the metropolis, and impelled by a series of pumping-machines, and a most ingenious method of dispersion, bears off the refuse of millions twenty-five miles down the Thames. The sewers run on both sides of the river, and have already cost more than $12,000,000. They may well serve as models for all the cities of the Saxon race, and excite the emulation of New York and Philadelphia. Yet London has not a tolerable aqueduct, and its people envy the unfailing streams that pour into the chief of the transatlantic cities.

One can scarcely wander among the busy throngs of Cheapside without a thrill of historic interest. Around him are the homes and the haunts of those who have made the Saxon race the parent of modern progress. In Bread Street, just out of Cheapside, Milton was born; in Milk Street, opposite, he kept his school; in St. Giles, Cripplegate, is his modest grave. Around his obscure home seem clustered those stern republicans who first pierced the mediæval darkness with an excess of light. Eastcheap and its ancient houses look conscious that Shakspeare and his companions not long ago passed that way. Yonder is Whitechapel and Alsatia, Smithfield, where the martyrs' ashes have blossomed into deathless fruits, and Old Jewry, where commerce was planted by persecuted Israelites. You pass under Temple Bar, once crowned with its grim array of bleeding heads. Not long ago it retained the posts on which they were exposed. You are conscious that around you kings, priests, and barons have made age after age groan with the afflictions of the people, yet you feel that the people are slowly escaping from their toils, that the ideas that were once banished to the New World with Puritan and republican, are returning to rule in Piccadilly and Pall Mall. Here runs a narrow lane where Addison and Steele supped together. Yonder is Bolt Court, where Johnson lived, and through whose dark and winding alleys one may fancy in the shades of evening Goldsmith and Boswell, Reynolds and Burke, gliding merrily along. Within a brief compass, under the shadow of St. Paul's, not far from Amen Corner and Paternoster Row, Creed Alley and Friday Lane, in the varied genius of England's authors from Chaucer to Bacon, from Dryden to Byron, from Milton to Locke and Mill, the fertility of the Saxon intellect has surpassed that of all other lands; and the narrow scene is hallowed with a mental glory of which the Saxon republics of the future will claim no small share as their just inheritance.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Postmaster-General has issued orders reducing the fee for registering domestic letters and packages from fifteen to eight cents, beginning with the 1st of January next.—The ordinary revenue of the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ending June, 1873, was $22,996,751, and the expenditures of all kinds were $29,084,945. The estimated expenditures for the year 1873–74 are $33,929,912.

Official returns of the New York State election show that, besides preserving a majority in the Legislature, the Republicans have elected Mr. Hopkins for Comptroller, and Mr. Platt State-prison Inspector.

The New York Board of Aldermen has requested the Board of Apportionment to appropriate $1,000,000 to the Department of Public Works, and the same amount to the Department of Parks, to enable these departments to prosecute work and to provide working-men with employment during the winter.

The Industrial Exhibition loan of $2,500,000 was again before the Board of Aldermen of this city November 19, but was voted down.

Nearly twelve hundred teachers in the New York public schools have petitioned the Board of Education to authorize the resumption of corporal punishment, on the ground that it is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of discipline.

FOREIGN NEWS.

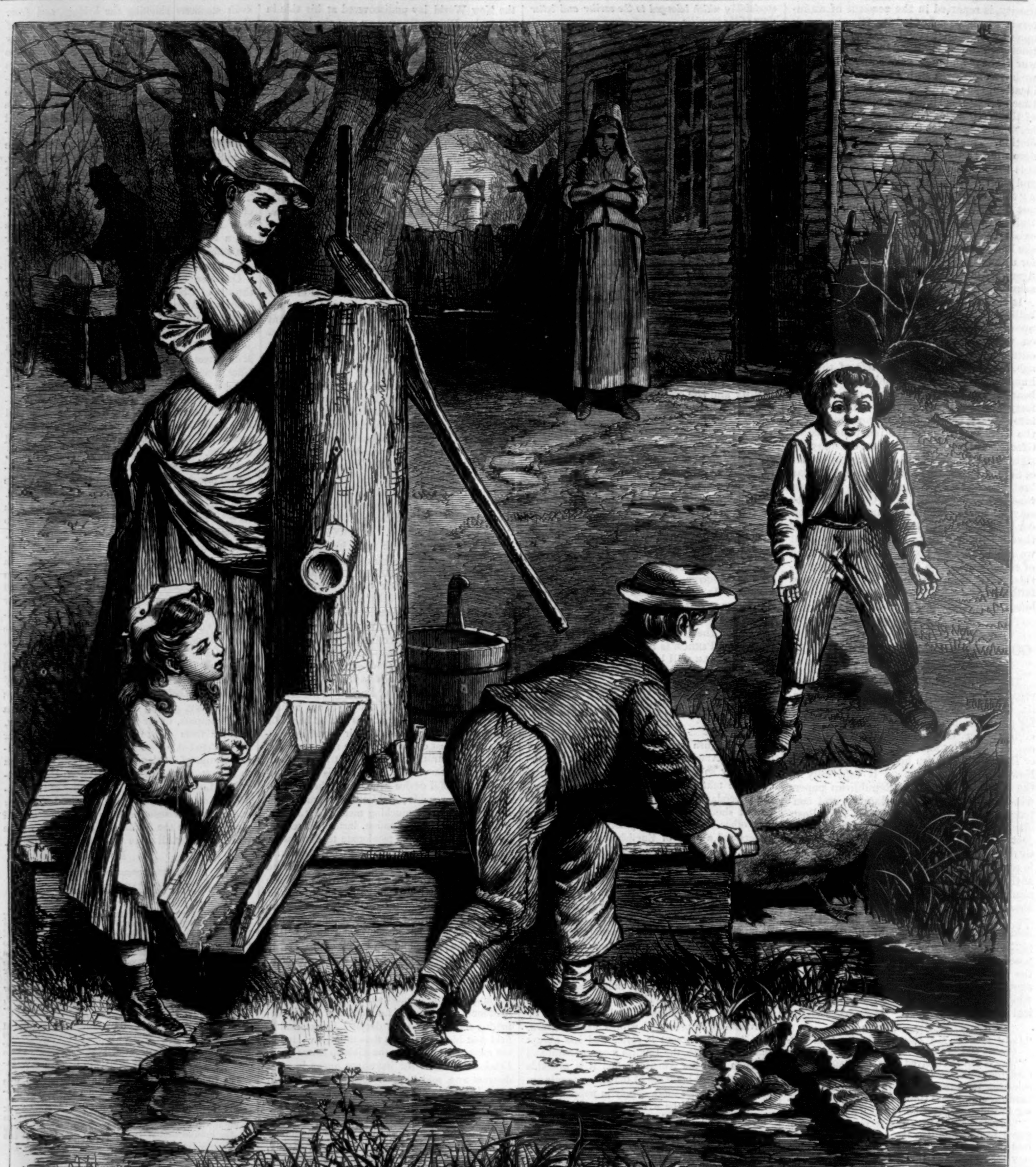
President M'Mahon in a message to the French Assembly, November 17, expressed a strong desire for the speedy discussion of the constitutional bills, and promised, if the proposition to extend his term for seven years was accepted, to use the powers granted in the defense of conservative ideas, which he believed were entertained by a majority of the nation. The Committee on Prolongation consented to the term of seven years, but disapproved other points in the message. On the following day M. Jules Simon demanded the definite establishment of the republic, declaring the unconditional prolongation of the President's term equivalent to personal government. On November 18 the Assembly voted an amendment to the seven years report that the prolongation be independent of the adoption of the constitutional bills, and a committee of thirty was appointed to report on the latter. The members of the cabinet subsequently tendered their resignations, which the President refused to accept.

The Bazaine court-martial still continues in session. On November 17 M. Blondin, a director of the Bank of France, in Metz during the siege, testified that General Coffinières urged him to conceal a quantity of gold on the 20th of August, saying the Prussians would enter the city in a few days. General Bourbaki testified that he undertook the mission to the Empress Eugénie in the belief that it was the only means of saving the army at Metz.

The Bishop of Nancy having issued a pastoral ordering prayers for the recovery of Metz and Strasburg, the German government has addressed a remonstrance to France.

A severe encounter took place recently in the district of El-Ahsa, between bodies of Arabs and Turks, in which 300 of the former and seventy of the latter were killed and wounded. Subsequently the Turkish troops were withdrawn, and peace was re-established.

An explosion took place in a colliery at Wigan, England, November 21, by which twenty-five miners were killed or injured.



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING—FLANKING THE VICTIM.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

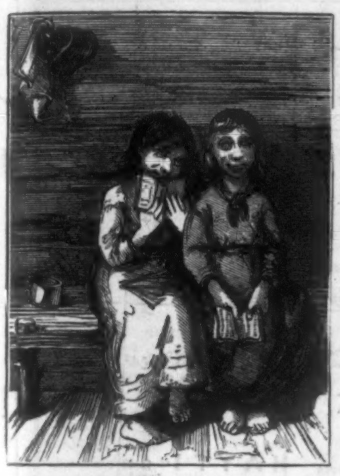
THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE most genial and kindly of all our festivals, not excepting even Christmas, comes during the last days of November. It is a purely American holiday, unmixed with Old World associations and traditions. Christmas, as all know, was originally an ancient heathen festival, converted and baptized, but still reminding us of the days of yule-logs and mistletoes. The very name of our festival indicates its pious origin. We find in ELLIOTT'S *New England History* that in 1623, after the harvest, Governor BRADSTREET sent out a company to shoot game to furnish a splendid feast of rejoicing and thanksgiving after the successful labors of the colony. They returned laden with the spoils of the forest—deer and wild turkey and other savory game—which was duly served up at a grand public dinner, to which MASSASOIT, the great Indian chief, and some ninety other savages, were invited; and the old historian quaintly records that all fell to and devoured the feast, thanking God for the good world and all the good things in it.

Instituted in New England, Thanksgiving-day has always been a more joyous festival in that part of our country than in any other. We have called it an American holiday, but, strictly speaking, it belongs to New England, and is nowhere else celebrated with the same gusto. When the last of November comes, New England people, wherever scattered throughout the world, turn with yearning hearts to the land of their birth; and thousands upon thousands who have made their home in the far West and the South return to eat the Thanksgiving turkey in the old homestead of their fathers. There is no other festival like it in the calendar, no other that takes such a hold on the heart. It is a day of family rejoicing "for the good world and the good things in it." We do not mean to say that Thanksgiving is not enjoyed out of New England. Every year the area of the kindly feast enlarges, and from Maine to Texas and Oregon it makes new conquests as the number of homesteads increases. But its home is in the land of the Puritans; and many a man and woman in the far West and the far South, at this season of the year, feel the heart drawn toward the bleak New England clime, where the first Thanksgiving turkey was roasted and carved.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

HUNTING the wild boar is one of the most exciting as well as the most hazardous of Eastern field-sports. This gallant denizen of the luscious sugar-cane plantation pits his tusks against the sportsman's lance, his speed against the pace of the little Arabs on which his pursuers are mounted, his rush against the nerve and skill of the bipedal antagonist. The huntsmen feel that they have an opponent worthy of their steel, and are proportionately elated at the prospect of victory. With what glee they receive intelligence that a boar has been roused in the vicinity of the camp! *Butta sella* is immediately sounded, and in a few minutes every man who owns a spear is equipped in flannel jacket, cords, high boots, and *sola topee*, and springs at once into the pig-skin. The approach to cover is gentle and cautious; the Arab will have no breath to spare in the inevitable race. "There, there, sahib!" shouts the leading beater, and the black bristling back of a huge grunter is seen just above the high grass jungle. "Drive him into the open!" is the order promptly given and as promptly obeyed. Piggy, alarmed, starts from his domain, and is soon seen scudding over the rough ground *en route* to some safe shelter. "Off!" and away goes the group full tilt. "First spear" is the object of each cavalier; personal honor, the tusks for a trophy, and possibly the issue of a bet, are the incentives to speed. The blood mounts up, the nerves are braced, the nostrils dilate, as the hog is neared and a sharp contest is imminent. Close quarters. Thud! the lance has stricken the game. He does not fall; he turns, enraged, and, bent on the utmost mischief, dashes at the nearest huntsman. The moment is critical; one turn of the wrist, one touch of the off spur, and the frightened nag springs out of danger. A moment's hesitation or an awkward piece of equitation insures a terrible gash, perhaps disembowelment, and the hog revels in a bloody triumph, while number two of the huntsmen delivers a second thrust. Still the daring animal stands at bay, and only gives up the ghost when loss of blood or a well-delivered poke puts an end to his hopes of prolonging the contest. Now for the banquet. Spread the cloth, improvise the gridiron, cool the *lal*, the Bass, and the Allsop; and be sure the appetite is not bad after such a run, such a fight, and so glorious a result!



AT SCHOOL.

GOING TO MARKET.

GOING TO THE MILL.

NORTH CAROLINA SKETCHES.

The illustrations on this page are from the pencil of an American artist, Miss Mary L. Stone, who passed several months in the mountain districts of North Carolina for the purpose of studying the characteristics of the people of that section of our country. They represent, as may be seen at a glance, only the poorer classes of whites, impoverished by the war, and some phases of negro character.

In many of the mountain districts of the "Old North State" the women are compelled to do a great deal of out-door work and drudgery. They not only cultivate the fields, but carry the scanty produce to market in bags, or "pokes," as they call them. This is hard work, and to avoid it they will often tackle dogs to a small cart. A young steer and a donkey make an elegant turn-out, as represented in our illustration.

The negro population of these districts alone display any cheerfulness and jollity. Their irresponsibility, the heritage of slavery, still clings to them, and a day's work that brings them pork and coffee and tobacco, and leaves the evening free for their religious gatherings, is all that can be expected of them. Every evening after eight o'clock they go trooping through the pine woods, with candles or torches, to spend hours in the log-house which serves for a church, in dancing, shouting, singing, and praying. When physically worn out with these fervent exercises, they creep away to sleep by the nearest fire until daylight, or drop in their tracks while on their way home, and slumber off their weariness. They have a constitutional aversion to hard work, and do as little of it as possible.

Here and there by the road-side may be seen a rough school-house, in which white and black urchins gather to be taught by a white teacher. The task, it must be confessed, is not particularly encouraging. The children are slow to learn, and, with rare exceptions, seldom get beyond the very rudiments of reading and writing.

Yet, even in these wild mountain districts, intelligence and education are gradually making their way. The dawn of a brighter day for both races is at hand. Every year the means of transportation are improved, the lands show better cultivation, the schools are more largely attended. And as poverty and ignorance die out, as the circulation of books and newspapers increases, as good highways and railroads open up these regions to settlers, and bring them into closer connection with the outside world, we shall find the characteristics shown in these illustrations fading out, until they are lost in the clear light of a true American civilization. They belong entirely to the past, and can not survive the better influences of the present.

AN ELEGANT TURN-OUT.

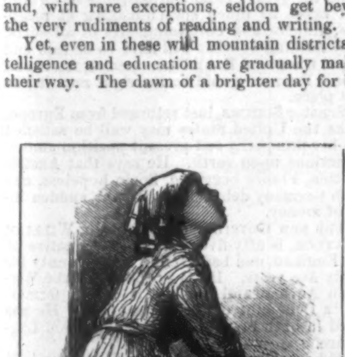
THE CUBAN MASSACRE.

When the last number of the *Weekly* went to press, it was supposed, on the strength of dispatches in the Havana journals, that all but eighteen of the officers, crew, and passengers on board the *Virginius* had been murdered at Santiago de Cuba. It appears, however, by a later dispatch from an official source, that the exact number of lives sacrificed at Santiago was fifty-two, as follows: on November 4 four men were executed, on the 7th thirty-seven and on the 8th eleven. But that it was the intention of the Spanish officials to continue the work of slaughter, had they not received positive orders from Madrid to desist, is apparent from the following extract from the *Diario*, of Cienfuegos, of November 13:

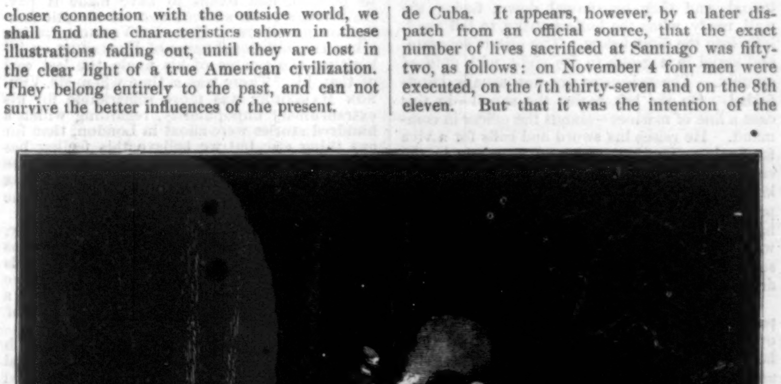
"The steamer *Manzanillo*, which has just entered port, brings intelligence which deserves to be known to our readers. Upon the 7th thirty-seven of the pirates of the *Virginius* were shot, whose names we give elsewhere, and upon the 10th fifty-seven more were executed. Among them was included the famous Alfaro, heretofore Minister of War, and who came to assume charge of the Presidency, instead of Cespedes, who, according to rumor, has become blind. Judging from what is said by those who have intimate knowledge of the *Virginius* affair, eighteen only of the expeditionists will have their lives spared—some (like the engineers) because they were not aware of their destination, and others because they are minors, or because they were compelled to embark on the *Virginius*. It is thought only four or five will be given absolute liberty."

This is the dispatch on which the report of the additional murders was founded. It is contradicted by a dispatch from Consul-General Hall, at Havana, in which it is positively stated that there had been no executions since the 8th, when the bloody hands of the Spanish murderers were stayed by orders from the home government, which unhappily did not arrive in season to save the lives of all.

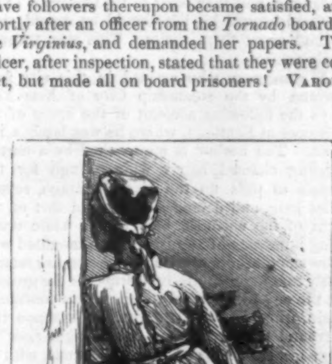
Full accounts of the executions have reached us, which confirm in every particular the reports of the barbarities which attended them. Captain M'Arthur, of the British schooner *Brilliant*, which left Santiago de Cuba on the evening of November 5, and arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 9th, reports that just before the *Virginius* was captured General Varona advised the firing of the powder-magazine, and the consequent blowing up of the vessel, rather than that they should fall into the hands of the Spaniards; but the captain persuaded and convinced the general that, being under the American flag and in neutral waters, they would not dare touch any man on board. Varona and his brave followers thereupon became satisfied, and shortly after an officer from the *Tornado* boarded the *Virginius*, and demanded her papers. The officer, after inspection, stated that they were correct, but made all on board prisoners! Varona



AN INTERESTED LISTENER.



THROUGH THE PINE WOODS AT NIGHT.



AT THE COUNTRY STORE.

MAP OF CUBA AND THE ADJACENT ISLANDS, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "VIRGINIUS" AND THE POINT OF CAPTURE.

replied that he was a prisoner because there was not an English or American man-of-war near to witness this scandal on the law of nations. He added that he could have blown up the vessel with all on board, but he had not done so, since her papers were correct, and she had not been seized in Cuban waters. The American flag was, he considered, their protection, and he surrendered, he said, under the protection of that flag, but believed he would be victimized, since the Spanish government all along hated him.

Captain M'ARTHUR witnessed the execution of RYAN, VARONA, JESUS DEL SOL, and PEDRO CESPEDES, and gives the following account: On the morning of the 4th they were removed to the place of execution, about a mile from the jail. The four victims were surrounded by a strong escort of Spanish soldiers. VARONA and RYAN, calm and collected, marched amidst the yells and vociferations of the infuriated Spanish rabble. Arrived at the place of execution, they forced CESPEDES and JESUS DEL SOL to kneel, in which positions they were shot in the back. The soldiers next directed RYAN and VARONA to kneel in the same way, but they refused, and were seized and thrown down, handcuffed all the time. The two victims begged their tormentors to allow them to die standing, and having offered further resistance, they were murdered standing. RYAN was not instantly killed. A Spanish officer stepped forward and thrust his sword through RYAN's heart. VARONA died easily. Then down came upon the corpses, still warm with life, the blood-thirsty mob, severing the heads from the bodies, placing them on pikes, and marching with them through the city.

The captain states that fifteen officers of the Spanish army who had been made prisoners on the battle-field by VARONA were present when he landed, and they went to the Governor of the city and begged his life should be spared, since he had given them theirs. This was peremptorily refused.

A gentleman who arrived in this city from Havana by the steamship *City of New York* gives the following account of the scene of the massacre at Santiago, where he was lately a resident. The harbor is approached by a narrow winding channel, barely wide enough for two vessels to pass up the river Santiago, several miles long, and defended by an old fort on the right of the entrance, built of the white crumbling limestone of the island, and mounted with a few smooth-bore cannon, whose first fire seemed likely to bring the tottering parapet to the ground. At the city the channel widens into a contracted basin, fringed to the left with the swamps that surround the river, while to the right rises the high ground on which the city stands, with its plaza and cathedral a mile up the hill; lower is the low brick prison in the heart of the town, and directly above the harbor, a prominent object, are the whitewashed walls of the slaughter-house.

The only way of entrance from the sea is over the Captain of the Port's wharf, and here the *Tornado*—a British-built vessel, fourteen guns, brigrigged, with the low black hull, the sloping smoke-stacks, and raking masts of a blockade-runner—landed her prisoners. They were marched up the Calle del Teatro to the prison. There they passed the night, their trial was hurried to its fatal termination the next day, and late in the afternoon the men were marched out to execution. As in previous occurrences of the same nature, often enough witnessed by this gentleman, the whole garrison formed an escort, the prisoners coming first in irons. Among them were the monks, who accompany them to the last with crucifix and prayer, and at the head was the only music of these ghastly processions—a huge drum, whose monotonous tap beats the death-march.

The slaughter-house to which they were driven is the last building in the suburbs. It is a low, square structure, with whitewashed walls between fifteen and twenty feet in height, surmounted by a roof of dark red tiles with projecting eaves. At the foot is a ditch two feet deep to catch the dripping rain-drops. When it was dug the soil was heaped in a low mound along the outer edge—earth bare and well-trodden. Along one wall the light-colored soil has a darker tinge. The building fronts, if the rude aperture of an adobe hut can be called a front, to the south of east, but a path better worn than that which leads to the door leaves the road and seeks the corner, to the left on entering, and the wall beyond. Wall and corner are seamed and scarred and pitted with bullets breast-high; great flakes of adobe are knocked clear of whitewash, and bullets have bored their way deep into the clay, for they flew wild over the heads of kneeling prisoners. Lower down bullets have sometimes been, at the distance of a dozen paces, spent balls, and the adobe is scarcely penetrated; lower still, where the ground rises toward the firing party, the wall is one mass of bullets and dark stains.

It was before this wall that the unfortunate prisoners from the *Virginius* were halted. The garrison forms in a three-sided square, its left and right resting on the angles of the building. Directly opposite, on a knoll that rises outside the ranks, gather curious spectators. In the hollow square the prisoners stand in a confused group with their spiritual advisers. At last the firing party is drawn up. The prisoners are in irons, but before they kneel hands and feet are bound, and they are forced down, facing the wall, ready, when the bullets strike, to fall headlong into the ditch below. The priests separate, and stand in a group to the right, with uplifted crucifix. The prisoners are not usually blindfolded. On the left, facing the squad—in this case a line of marines—stands the officer in command. He raises his sword and calls for a viva for Spain. The hats come off promptly in the crowd beyond the troops. Instances have been known when, after a little lack of warmth or promptness in the cheer or hat-raising, a man has found himself kneeling in the row before the wall. The officer's sword flashes again in the sunlight he is facing, and a volley scars the wall and fills the ditch.

The ditch will be well filled, even by a small party of prisoners, and when the horrible work is over, the cavalry as they file past crowd their horses close against the wall, and the hoofs grind and slip over the dead; the axles of the field-artillery leave long marks along the whitewashed adobe as the wheel crunches along in the ditch. When all is over, and the negro scavengers come to knock the irons off and load the bruised, disfigured mass into their carts, eye-witnesses tell of life and motion in the load that moves off to a place two miles away, where all are dumped indiscriminately into a pit of quicklime. The reader will find illustrations of Santiago de Cuba and of the "slaughter-house" on pages 1088 and 1089.

The lower illustration on the same pages presents a view of the city and harbor of Havana, taken from the lower batteries of Fortress Cabaña. On the extreme right is the famous Morro Castle, an old fortification commanding the entrance to the harbor, with the *Virginius* escorted past by three Spanish men-of-war. She arrived at Havana on the 18th of November, with the Spanish colors at her mast-head. A procession was formed, consisting of the *Isabella la Catolica* and another man-of-war in advance, the *Virginius* following, and her captor, the gunboat *Tornado*, bringing up the rear. In this order they passed up the harbor, the shores of which were lined with crowds of citizens.

PERSONAL.

THE friends of that indefatigable traveler, Mr. PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, will be delighted to hear that he has at length emerged from the arctic obscurity into which he disappeared some months ago, and that he will soon be narrating to delighted audiences the story of his adventures in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Mr. DU CHAILLU has made a thorough exploration of Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, extending his journey to the extreme limits of northern travel by land, the North Cape, and every where studying with the closest attention the features of the country and the manners and customs of the people. Of course he is writing a book, in which he will tell us all about his wanderings by rail, by boat, on horseback, and in reindeer sledges, and we venture the prediction that it will be one of the most interesting and vivacious of all the books of travel he has yet published. Mr. DU CHAILLU's letter, announcing his early departure for this country, was written at Lærdalsoren, in Norway, on the 21st of October.

—Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, the new Solicitor-General of England, is not only an able lawyer, but a conspicuous figure in politics, literature, and society. At the outset of his career he was a frequent contributor to the London *Times*, to which, in more mature years, he contributed the letters signed "Historicus," and has been prolific in periodical literature of the weightier kind. After making a great deal of money for many years at the bar, chiefly by what is termed "Parliamentary practice," he devoted himself to politics, and seems to have made it pay. He belongs to an ancient and aristocratic family, his grandfather, Hon. Dr. VERNON, having taken the additional name of HARCOURT on inheriting the estates of his uncle, the last earl of that ilk. There was a time when Mr. VERNON HARCOURT was more remarkable for his extraordinary unpopularity, regarding which a hundred stories were afloat in London, than for any thing else, but we believe this feeling has greatly abated. He married a niece of the late Earl of Clarendon, step-daughter of Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. She has been dead some years.

—The post of Keeper of the Royal Academy, lately occupied by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, has been given to Mr. PICKERSGILL, R.A. It is worth about $3000 per annum, with residence at Burlington House. Mr. PICKERSGILL is a nephew of the celebrated portrait-painter of that name.

—The Rev. Dr. DIX, rector of Trinity Church in this city, stated not long since at a funeral that several years ago chaplains were stationed at one of the Liverpool cemeteries in order to read the burial service at the grave, as the Episcopal Church requires. Four of the chaplains committed suicide, and the plan was abandoned.

—Mr. CLARENCE COOK writes to the London *Athenæum* that the sentence in *Lothair*, "You know who the critics are—the men who have failed in literature and art," was penned by BALZAC as far back as 1848. The *Athenæum* thinks it occurs in some earlier English work.

—President POTTER, if he knows, does not feel at liberty to disclose, the name of the gentleman who has made the munificent gift of $100,000 to Union College. That sort of thing, however, is bound to leak out, because it ought so to leak.

—Hon. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, the new Canadian Premier, is a self-made and quite remarkable man, and for twenty years past has played a conspicuous part in Canadian politics. In early life he was a stone-mason at Sarnia, and acquired a competence. Being a good speaker, he was soon sent to Parliament. A master of invective, he was lacking in that personal magnetism which has constituted the chief secret of MACDONALD's power. With a Scottish accent, a Puritanical creed, and a rigid manner, he was unable to gain the support of the easy-going French members, without which it was hard to achieve and impossible to retain power. For some years Mr. MACKENZIE acted as lieutenant to the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, but at the time of the latter's retirement from active political life he was unanimously chosen the leader of the "grit" or liberal party. Mr. MACKENZIE is a gentleman of about fifty years of age, light, wiry build, with hair and whiskers tinged with gray, and of indomitable perseverance. He has the reputation of being the hardest worker in the Canadian Parliament. A man of rather studious habits, he is guilty of no petty vices, using neither wine nor tobacco.

—Hon. THOMAS H. NELSON, for some years United States minister to Mexico, has returned to his home at Terre Haute, Indiana, and doesn't want to be minister any more. He was accompanied by the ex-Empress, ALICE YTURBIDE, and her son AUGUSTINE, and Mr. BARRON, an eminent and opulent banker. Young YTURBIDE, who is ten, is to be educated abroad, and Mrs. YTURBIDE will for the present abide in Washington.

—The ROTHSCHILDS have made a valuable present to the Parisian Academy of Arts, consisting of columns, statues, and bass-reliefs, coming from the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo-Didymus at Mileto (Anatolia), in the course of excavations made for some years past at the cost of these gentlemen.

—Professor LABORDE, of the South Carolina University, who died a few days since in Columbia, entered the college fifty-four years ago, and since then has constantly been connected with it as trustee or professor.

—Colonel JOHN W. FORNEY is spoken of as likely to be the next Mayor of Philadelphia. The election takes place next year, and the term extends to 1877. This would give to Philadelphia an officer who would do honor to that city during the great Centennial Exhibition. There must needs be much speech-making at receptions, dinners, and entertainments of all sorts, to say nothing of what will have to be said and sung at the grand Exhibition opening itself, and Colonel FORNEY would be the right man in the right place.

—Senator SCHURZ, just returned from Europe, thinks the United States may well be satisfied with her prosperity and present position among the nations upon earth. He says that Austria is rotten, France beggared, Spain hopeless, and North Germany debauched with the sudden influx of money.

—The new Governor of Wisconsin, WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, is fifty-five years of age, a native of New England, and has lived in Dane County for twenty-five years. He is president of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, is a rich farmer, and "a Democrat of the old school." He has served in both branches of the Wisconsin Legislature.

—The memory of SYLVIA ANN HOWLAND is to be perpetuated by a tablet just placed in the City Library of New Bedford, on which is the following inscription:

> "This tablet commemorates the enlightened liberality of SYLVIA ANN HOWLAND, who bestowed upon the city of New Bedford $200,000: $100,000 to aid in supplying the city with pure water, and $100,000 as a fund for the promotion of liberal education by the enlargement of the Free Public Library, and by extending to the children and youth of the city the means of a wider and more generous culture."

—The late FRANKLIN MUZZY left $4000 to the Franklin Mechanic Association of Bangor, Maine, an institution in which he took an active interest. The city of Bangor is trustee of the fund, the income of which goes to replenishing the library.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS, in a recent speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, apostrophized that historical shanty in his usual felicitous and eloquent manner. "Here," said he, "in the old times of victories, in warlike struggles, came HALL and BAINBRIDGE when they brought the flags of the *Java* and the *Guerrière*; here came LAFAYETTE a hundred years ago almost, who

gave as his parting toast, 'Faneuil Hall—an everlasting monument that resistance to oppression is every where a duty, and under republican institutions is every where a blessing.' Here came ELGIN and ASHBURTON, the guests of the city of Boston, when they ministered to the comfort of capital or the safety of the national boundary. Here, too, came the Prince de Joinville when Boston wished to pay honor to the old age of the house of BOURBON, in the hour of our great darkness and struggle. And it is fitting that when the working-men of England send us an embassador, the working-men of Massachusetts should receive him in Faneuil Hall, which was built by PETER FANEUIL, who fled from the tyranny of the BOURBONS when they shut every Protestant out of France, and he took refuge from religious oppression on the pavements of Boston."

—That a prophet is without honor in his own country is proved by a little incident that occurred a few evenings since in Boston. Mr. SUMNER came in from Cambridge to Boston to attend a social meeting of the Church of the Disciples, taking a horse-car to the South End; and not knowing exactly how to find the church, he asked a gentleman the way. The gentleman pointed it out, and then asked Mr. SUMNER *if he lived in Boston*. A little boy standing by, better acquainted with the celebrities of the city, immediately presented a pencil and blank book to Mr. SUMNER, and asked if he would give him his autograph. The boy was rewarded for his promptness; and the Senator, by the light of a druggist's window, wrote his name in the young Bostonian's book, adding, "Written in the street, November 12, 1873."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE property of the Jesuits in Rome has been confiscated by the Italian government. The houses appropriated were those known as the *Gesu*, the Roman College, St. Andrew of the Quirinal, San Lorenzo, and Ara Cœli. At the first Prince ODESCALCHI, with his assistant, BOBBIO, conducted the transfer. According to the correspondence of the *Catholic Review*, the prince and BOBBIO called the Jesuits from their cells. "BOBBIO, when all had assembled, said to them, 'You have been notified of the law concerning the religious corporations of Rome. In virtue of that law I have come in the name of the national government to take possession. I have first to deliver to each religious the warrant which will give him his right to a pension. After that you will no longer consider yourselves proprietors, and you must quit the house within the time appointed.' He then commenced to distribute the warrants. They were already prepared, and were carried in a portfolio by an officer of the Junta. The brothers were first called. They were twenty-nine in number. All of them were old, some of them wore long beards and presented a very venerable appearance. They were dressed in a short soutane of very poor material. Each of them was presented with a warrant for three hundred lires pension. The fathers were then called to receive their warrants for a pension of six hundred lires."

The usual protest was presented by the Jesuits. At the Roman College Father SECCHI, the celebrated astronomer, claimed that the observatory was the property of the Pope, and therefore exempt from confiscation. There is a report that he will take a professorship in Ireland. Father BECKX, the General of the order, was absent at the time of these proceedings. Thus has disappeared the "local habitation" of a society whose influence upon the world has been so pernicious that again and again the states of Europe have expelled its members from their territories. The effect of the state proceedings on the continent of Europe will be a numerous migration of Jesuits to England, Ireland, and America. GOLDWIN SMITH has embodied the modern estimate of the Society of Jesus in his famous sentence, "Jesuitism is not a religion; it is, and always was, a conspiracy."

Nowhere in modern times have Christian missions been so successful as in Madagascar. Already there are in the island half a million of professing Christians, twenty thousand children at school, and some seven hundred churches. The Bible has been translated, and many books written in Malagasy, and above a hundred and fifty thousand books in that vernacular are sold every year. Besides building their own churches and supporting their ministers, the native Christians maintain a hundred and twenty evangelists in the outlying districts. Polygamy has been abolished, and divorces have been regulated. Domestic slavery remains to be dealt with.

Dr. MULLENS, the secretary of the London Missionary Society, is now in Madagascar examining the progress of mission work.

It is announced in London that the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER is expected to preach the annual sermon before the London Missionary Society in May next.

A correspondent of the *Christian World*, Cincinnati, complains of the slow advance of the German Reformed Church. In 1869 its members numbered 117,910; in 1873, 132,195. In 1869 its ministers numbered 526; in 1873, 595. In 1870 its benevolent contributions were $94,019; in 1871, $66,715; in 1872, $86,651; in 1873, $91,427. These statistics reveal growth, if not as rapid growth as may be desired. The increasing migration of Germans to the United States offers a fine opening for labor to this Church.

At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Baltimore, the Rev. I. GARLAND HAMNER, synodical evangelist, reported the relative strength of the denominations within its boundaries. The Synod embraces Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia. There is within this territory a "total population of 1,095,747, of which 260,707 are colored. For the supply of the Gospel there are 1827 churches of all denominations, with 621,444 sittings. Of these, Presbyterians have 133 churches, with 58,630 sittings; Reformed have 47 churches, with 19,980 sittings; Baptists have 143 churches, with 46,005 sittings; Episcopalians have 210 churches, with 80,035 sittings; Lutherans have 101 churches, with 45,665 sittings; Methodists, 1027 churches, with 324,164 sittings; Roman Catholics, 130 churches, with 73,780 sittings; United Brethren, 36 churches, with 12,100 sittings.

According to this authority the Methodists rank first in numbers, the Episcopalians second, Roman Catholics third, Presbyterians fourth, Baptists fifth, Lutherans sixth, the Reformed seventh, and the United Brethren eighth.

Americans who visit Paris, and who wish to hear Protestant preaching in elegant French, should visit the church of M. BERSIER. He belongs, as a correspondent of *Church and State* informs us, "to the independent Protestant Church, a small and humble body, and has a plain chapel outside of the city almost, and yet his room is crowded by those who are drawn by the eloquence of his words. His French is so beautiful and his style so perfect that literary men and Academicians go to hear him, and he is rated as among the first masters of the language by critics of a race that lay great stress upon such mastery. I heard him the other day, and he seemed to come very near to the ideal of a preacher. His language was perfect, his utterance unbroken, his thoughts simple as a child's, and yet, with this perfect naturalness, his sermon was of rare ability and thoughtfulness. I never saw a man who seemed to forget himself so much, and to give himself up so fully to his theme. His power was seen in the effect upon the audience, who were literally spell-bound, and on their faces could be read what he said, so closely did their expressions respond to the tenor of his words. I saw there one of our bishops who could not be dragged into a 'Dissenting meeting-house' at home by any human or animal force, and he was as attentive and as plastic as the rest under the influence of this eloquent man."

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church closed its session on November 18. The following amounts were appropriated for the Methodist missions in the year 1874:

Foreign missions and exchange	$337,399 90
Domestic missions—foreign population	76,300 00
Domestic missions—Indian	4,150 00
Domestic missions—American	331,500 00
Domestic missions—Territories	11,000 00
Miscellaneous (contingent, incidental, office, etc.)	83,000 00
Total	$843,349 90

The Pope has issued a bull beginning *Romanus Pontifex*, which, it is thought, is intended to apply directly to the Emperor of Germany. It is dated October 5, and relates to the filling of vacant episcopal sees. It pronounces "that the Chapter *only* is competent to elect a Vicar Capitular on the decease of a bishop, and that all presentations of 'emperors or kings, or dukes or presidents,' who have usurped such privilege, are altogether null and void. It also inflicts the major excommunication *ipso facto* on canons and dignitaries of cathedrals, if they venture to give up the administration of any church to such nominee of the civil power, reserves absolution in such case specially to the Roman Pontiff for the time being, and declares all acts of such intruders to be null and void."

As the German see of Fulda is now vacant, the bull may come into immediate use.

The *Friend of India* has gathered some valuable statistics of the Christian population of Persia. There are in Persia 25,000 Armenian and 25,000 Nestorian Christians. "Of the Armenian population 6000 reside chiefly at Tabreez and Julfa, near Ispahan; the rest are cultivators of the soil in the provinces of Ispahan, Irak, and Azerbijan. The Armenians are not now persecuted on account of their religious belief, and, with the Nestorians, they are exempt from all military service. The lands of the Nestorians are in the neighborhood of Oroomiah and Selmas. The plain of Oroomiah contains about three hundred villages, forty of which are occupied by Nestorians, sixty by Christians and Mohammedans, and the remaining number by Mohammedans exclusively. Formerly the Christians of Oroomiah had to complain of frequent acts of violence at the hands of the Mohammedan population, especially of the seizure of Nestorian girls and their forcible conversion to Islam. But the severe punishment inflicted in several instances on the guilty parties, and the interference of the American missionaries, have had a good effect. Christians in Persia are at liberty to change their religion, but if a Christian embraces and afterward renounces Islam, he is considered to have forfeited his life. Any Mohammedan becoming a Christian would be liable to the same penalty."

It will be remembered that when the Shah was in Europe he was petitioned to relieve both Christians and Jews in his kingdom from the exactions imposed by the Mohammedan officials.

Following the impulse to make pilgrimages, an English pilgrim has gone, not to Paray, but to the parish church of Lutterworth, where JOHN WYCLIFFE was buried, and where his monument remains. He thus describes what he saw: "The monument, which is a bass-relief, exhibits the good parson of Lutterworth preaching to a group of people in front, while behind him is a monk and a nun, seemingly not very pleased at the exercise. By the intrepid reformer is the Bible, the cup, the chalice, and books and scrolls, the entire representation being animated and pleasant. Beneath the figures is this inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of JOHN WICLIF, the earliest champion of ecclesiastical reform in England. He was born in Yorkshire in the year 1324; in the year 1375 he was presented to the rectory of Lutterworth, where he died on the 31st of December, 1384. At Oxford he acquired not only the renown of a consummate schoolman, but the far more glorious title of the evangelic doctor. His whole life was one perpetual struggle against the corruptions and encroachments of the Papal court, and the impostures of its devoted auxiliaries, the mendicant fraternities. His labors in the cause of Scriptural truth were crowned by one immortal achievement, his translation of the Bible into the English tongue. This mighty work drew on him, indeed, the bitter hatred of all who were making merchandise of the popular credulity and ignorance. But he found an abundant reward in the blessings of his countrymen of every rank and age, to whom he unfolded the words of eternal life. His mortal remains were interred near this spot, but were not allowed to rest in peace. After the lapse of many years his bones were dragged from the grave and consigned to the flames, and his ashes were cast into the waters of the adjoining stream.'"

If there *must* be pilgrimages, we would suggest WYCLIFFE's church and monument as proper "objective points" for Englishmen.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BUTTER, according to Webster, is "an oily or unctuous substance obtained from cream or milk by churning." But we are living in an age when, if certain articles of necessity or luxury become inconveniently expensive, inventive genius steps in and offers us a substitute. At first we shake our heads, and will have none but the genuine original article. But time and custom strangely change the tastes and feelings in respect to food as well as fashion. And startling as the idea may be to butter lovers, a substance made without the intervention of cream may yet supplant the old-time article, which is always regarded as indispensable on the well-spread table. Some time ago—we believe during the exigencies of the recent war—a Frenchman devised a process by which beef suet was transformed into "artificial butter," as it was called. From the descriptions of it which came to this country it appeared that the compound was very "artificial," and not altogether appetizing. But the idea has been "worked up," and now we understand that manufactories have been established in several places in the United States, where an article is produced which is said to be more healthful, and, on the average, of greater excellence than that made from cream! Just at present we have a personal preference for sweet, yellow butter, such as used to come out of the old-fashioned churn in our grandmother's kitchen; but unfortunately the churn and kitchen are among the things that were, and the honest workers of that day have ceased from their labors. It certainly is a matter of general interest to know how this new-fashioned butter is made; so we will very briefly describe the process. Fresh selected suet is first thoroughly cleansed by cold water, and it is then ground up very fine by a machine. After this it is put into water, and raised to the temperature of blood-heat. After half an hour's constant stirring it is allowed to settle, and in a few moments all the little pieces of membrane and scrap sink to the bottom, while the fat, or rather the pure stearine and oleine, float on the water. This is taken off, cooled, wrapped in cloths, and subjected to powerful pressure. The oleine oozes through the cloth, looking like clear olive-oil. The stearine remains in the cloth, and is sold to candle manufacturers, being a superior article for their purposes. The pure oleine is put into churns in a room made cool by ice, and pure milk, in the proportion of two quarts to fifteen pounds of oleine is added, with a small quantity of annatto, used for coloring. The churns are set in motion for about twenty minutes; then ice-water is thrown in, the butter, which has gathered, is taken out, thoroughly worked, and salted in old-fashioned style, and is ready for market. The whole process seems cleanly, and the product is comparatively cheap. Although a prejudice in favor of *cream butter* will long exist, this new invention, if carefully managed, may produce a healthful competition in the butter market, both in regard to quality and price.

Vasco da Gama is the first vessel of the China Trans-Pacific Line, and is now *en route* from London to San Francisco, touching at Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama. Two other steamers are being built for this line.

It is a fact not generally known by the public at large that it has always been the custom to close boot and shoe manufactories in the months of November and April. Toward October orders for the fall trade begin to fall off, and the time is taken, before it is needful to prepare for the spring trade, to clean the mills, and make necessary repairs and alterations. This season some of the mills closed a fortnight earlier than usual, but the mere closing in the month of November was not an unusual thing in many manufacturing towns.

From Boston is reported the death of a woman from the use of ether while undergoing a dental operation. Caution in the use of anæsthetics is the lesson taught by this case.

A humorous Kentuckian recently saw a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He resented the inaccuracy of the details, and thus quaintly addressed the editor:

"SIR,—I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of Wednesday last. I was born in Greenup County, not Caldwell, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox. Please make correction, for which I inclose fifty cents."

In Paisley, Scotland, a new town-hall is to be erected with a legacy of £20,000, bequeathed for this purpose by the late Mr. George Clark, the thread manufacturer. The hall will include a large reading-room for the use of working-men. It is to be open from six in the morning until midnight; and one peculiarity of the arrangements is that the readers will be permitted to smoke without restriction. We fancy some restrictions will be found needful in time, unless the Paisley people are unusually careful.

After the great Boston fire of November, 1872, it was found that 776 buildings had been destroyed, and the total loss was about $75,000,000. In one year from the date of that disastrous conflagration a majority of those buildings had been replaced by safer and more substantial structures, and the streets widened, straightened, and improved in the "burned district." Boston has carried on her building operations with great enterprise and energy, and the anniversary of the fire, which was formally observed in the city, showed that remarkable progress had been made. This rebuilding has been accomplished with home capital, as Boston has not found it needful to call upon the generous friends who freely offered assistance in the time of calamity.

Not long ago a young lady was walking through the galleries of the Vienna Exposition in company with an Austrian officer. She paused to admire some statuettes in the French department. The officer was selecting some for purchase, when the lady said, in a half whisper, "But we have spent all our money!" "No matter," replied the French exhibitor, kindly, "give me your name and address, and I will send the statuettes." The lady regretted she had no card, but wrote her address on paper, which proved to be, "Olga, Reine des Hellènes, Athènes, Hôtel Impérial. Vienna." The young queen was plainly dressed, and the gentleman in uniform who accompanied her was the Prince Royal of Hanover.

Young Baron Heine has fallen into trouble in Vienna—in fact, he seems to be no longer baron. He was recently stopped in the Praterstrasse for fast driving, but instead of slackening his speed, he gave the officer a cut across the face with his whip, and tried to escape. He was soon taken by the police, but a mob had gathered, and he was with difficulty removed safely. He was tried for the offense of striking an officer in the discharge of his duty, and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment at hard labor, and the loss of his nobility. Certain radical journals strongly protested against the latter part of the sentence, on the ground that making a nobleman a common citizen was no punishment whatever.

A strange account is published in a Chinese newspaper of the suicide of nine young girls at Whampoa. They were living with different families in the village, and, seeing how much misery the women endured in consequence of the tyranny of their husbands, they resolved to escape a similar fate by putting an end to their existence. So they met on the bank of a river in the vicinity, and sewed their garments together to prevent a separation, and thus plunged into the deep.

The sleeping woman of Tennessee, sometimes known as the "Sleeping Beauty," recently died at the age of thirty-one. It is alleged that for twenty-four years she has slept most of the time, waking, however, frequently, and remaining awake a few minutes. Just after falling asleep she always seemed to be convulsed with pain, but when awake talked pleasantly and intelligently. Her case has excited great interest, and given rise to much investigation and discussion among scientific men. Some physicians believe that the affliction was merely a feigned one. It is said that the commencement of the difficulty was a series of chills; but whether the subsequent sleeping state was caused by the chills or by the medicine she took at that time, is a disputed point.

An interesting case recently occurred in Illinois, by which the authority of the State Board of Education over the studies of pupils and the rights of parents in regard to the same matter were defined. A young lady in the high school of Durand declined to study book-keeping, which was in the prescribed course, because her mother thought she had already as many studies as her health permitted. The directors ordered her expulsion, and she was put out of the building by the teacher, some force being used. Application was made for her re-admission, but the school board would not consent unless she would agree to study book-keeping. An appeal was then made to the Circuit Court, and at length the plaintiff was awarded $130 damages. In his instructions to the jury the judge held that school directors may adopt reasonable regulations for the conduct of public schools, and prescribe a course of study, but parents and guardians have the right, honestly and in good faith, to select from the prescribed studies the particular ones they desire their children or wards to pursue; that the refusal of a pupil, under instructions from parents or guardian, to pursue the entire list of prescribed studies does not warrant an expulsion, though a pupil has no right to reject a study from mere caprice or perversity.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CHURCH was married four times, and his wives were all buried in a certain grave-yard. It became necessary to remove the remains of the dear departed ones to another cemetery. Church undertook the work himself; but in carrying the sainted dead in a furniture car the bones unfortunately got mixed, and when re-interment began even Church himself was unable to tell which was Emily and which was Hannah. After doing the best he could, he had the four graves closed. Being a strictly accurate man, he felt it would be wrong to use the old head-stone when he was not certain that Hannah's dust was all under her tombstone. So, in order to be precise, he had a new set made, with such inscriptions as these: "Here lies Hannah Church (and probably part of Emily), who was born," etc. "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church (who seems to be mixed with Matilda), who was born," etc.

"Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mingled in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hannah."

If you wish to travel cheaply, patronize those railroads which advertise to carry their passengers "through without change."

For views on the Rhine, visit some of those pork-packing establishments out West.

A Scotch minister, who had not been paid promptly by his parishioners, one Sabbath morning as he was entering church met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a sovereign. It was willingly given him, and he put it in his pocket, preached a capital sermon, and on coming from the pulpit handed the identical coin to the man from whom he had borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all." "It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson: "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

An old lady is inclined to think that a compass would be the best sewing-machine, because she heard that it had a needle with thirty-two points.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came and hit him with a stave.

It is best not to skate into air-holes. Most of them are filled with water, and are exceedingly damp.

DOMESTIC YOUNG LADY (*making a pie*). "Frank, the kitchen's no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you?"

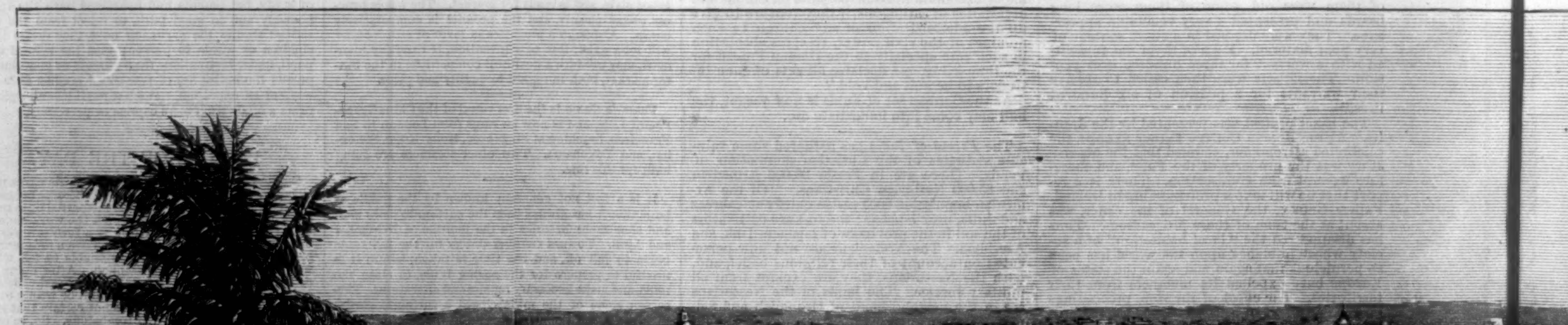
CLEVER YOUTH. "It isn't the *dough*, cousin—it's the *dear!*"

A physician was badly hurt the other day by the caving in of a well upon him. He should have attended to the sick, and let the well alone.

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen bought an old mule to aid in carrying the bundles. Each would ride a while, or "ride and tie," as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of his head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The man on the mule turned and asked, "What's the matter?" "The cratur's kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers," said the other, "he's did that same to me on the back of me head."

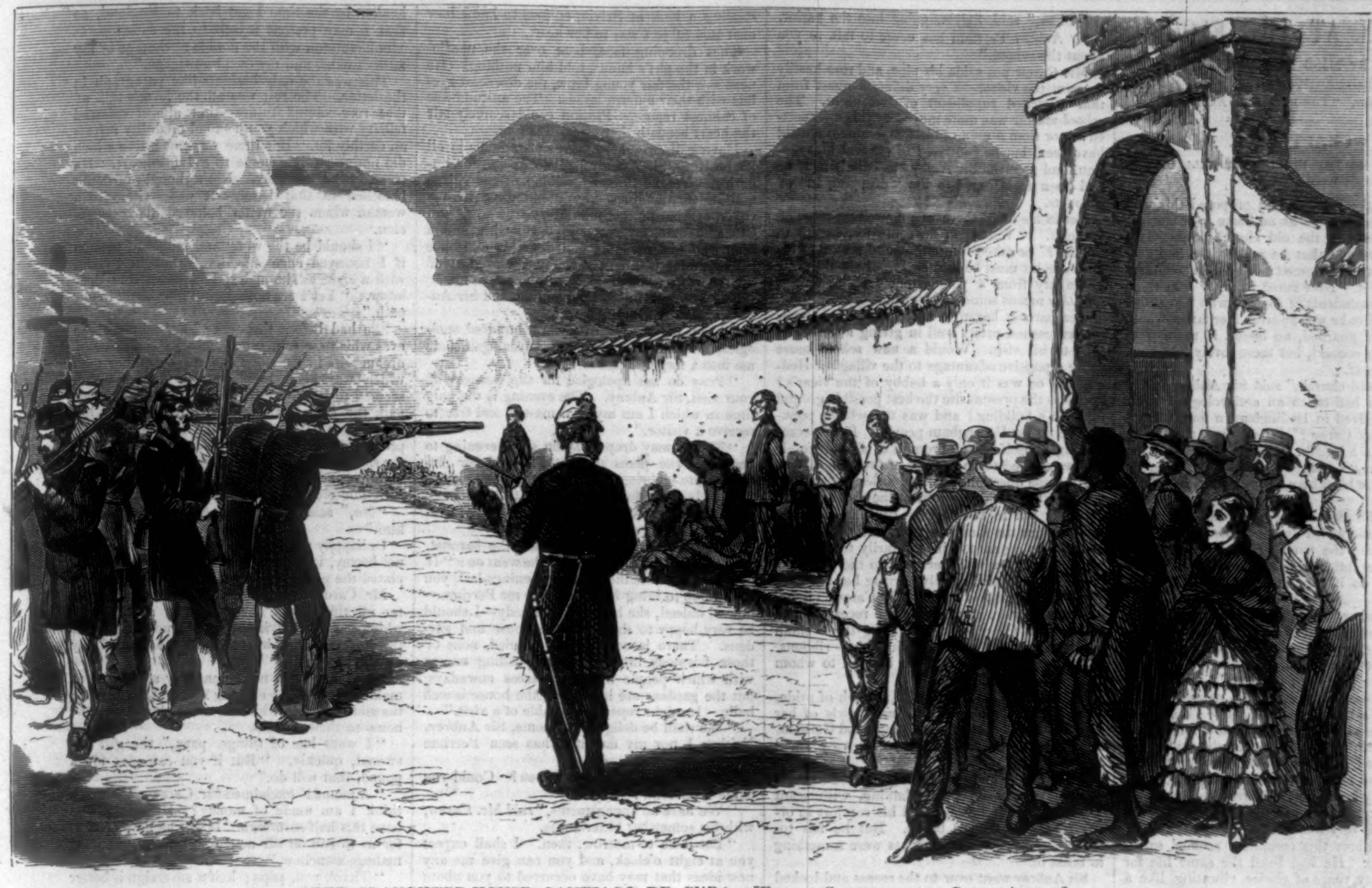
SANTIAGO DE CUBA.—[From a Sketch by G. Perkins.]

Tacon Theatre. Slope where Goicouria and ot were E



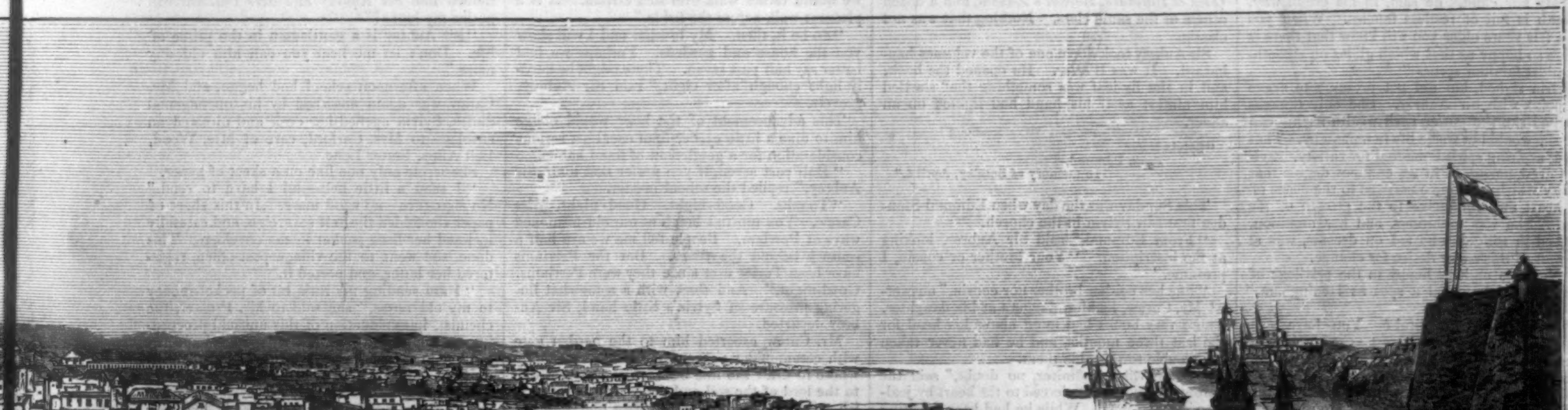
Custom-House. Captain-General's Palace. Cathedral.

THE MASSACRE IN CUBA—HAVANA, FROM THE LOWER BATTERIE



THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.—[From a Sketch by our Cuban Artist.]

...were Executed in 1870. Morro Castle.



Jail, Penitentiary, and Hospital. Entrance to the Harbor. Fortress Cabaña.

...OF FORTRESS CABAÑA.—From Photographs and Sketches.—[See Page 1086.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

"FAIR AS THE FIRST THAT FELL OF WOMANKIND."

THOUGH the baronet had proposed this visit to Mr. Carew, he was in no haste to leave that place of shadows, the old church-yard. This was the first time that he and Sylvia had ever met alone, and it seemed too good an opportunity to be lost. He wanted to know something about the antecedents of the girl who had stolen his heart before he was aware. Her father would be close and guarded, no doubt, if there were any thing to conceal, but these lovely lips must be candor itself.

"A fine old church," said Sir Aubrey, as if his thoughts had taken an archæological bent. "You have lived in Hedingham a long time, I suppose, Miss Carew?" he went on, dismissing the church in a breath.

"Ever since I can remember—all my life."

"You were born here, then, I conclude?"

"No."

Happily for Sylvia, the dusk hid that deep blush of shame which dyed her cheek. She did not even know the name of her birth-place, so dumb had her father been about the past. What should she do if Sir Aubrey asked her home questions?

"Your father has no provincial accent, I observed," continued Sir Aubrey, trying to put his inquiries in a purely conversational form. "He is a Londoner, I conclude."

"He came here from London."

"Yet Carew is a west country name."

"Is it?" asked Sylvia, helplessly; and then, thinking that some degree of candor might help her better than persistent reserve, she said, "My father began life in much better circumstances, I believe, and he does not like talking about the past. I only know that we have lived here ever since I can remember, and always the same kind of life. It is very monotonous."

To Sir Aubrey this complaint seemed somewhat puerile. He had lived the same life for the last thirty years of choice, vibrating, like a pendulum, between Perriam Place and the Faubourg St. Honoré, and living in Paris almost as quietly as he lived at Perriam.

"My fair child," he said, in his grand way, "youth is full of restless fancies. When you are a few years older you will know that there is no life so happy as that which glides on smoothly amidst familiar scenes."

Sylvia sighed, but did not presume to argue the point with Sir Aubrey. She only thought that had she the power such wealth as his can give she would not waste life in monotony. That young aspiring spirit hungered for variety. Sylvia Carew possessed in an eminent degree that quality which is at once perilous to the peace of the heart and conducive to the growth of the mind. She was ambitious, and her ambition, fostered in solitude and fed on dreams, was at the root of this eager desire for change.

"You are at least happy in the privilege of inhabiting so beautiful a spot as Hedingham," said the baronet.

"Is it really beautiful? You have seen the Danube—the Black Forest—the Hartz—the Tyrol—the Alps—Rome—Venice—and yet you think Hedingham beautiful."

She ran over the names of river, forest, mountains, and city breathlessly. They were on the tip of her tongue, so ardently had she longed to see the scenes they represented.

"Yes," drawled Sir Aubrey, with that soft languor which was not without its charm, "I have done the grand tour. Very fatiguing business in my day—a succession of wretched inns, musty post-chaises, and dust and bad roads; and—ahem!—insects—which politeness forbids me to particularize. In my time it was esteemed essential for a gentleman to do the grand tour. Nowadays it is the common people who travel. There is a railroad up the Righi, and Mont Blanc is the Primrose Hill of the modern counter-jumper."

Sylvia sighed. She began to feel that she lived too late. The world had become vulgarized, and the glory of this earth had in a measure departed.

"Will you come to see papa now, Sir Aubrey?" she asked, rising from her seat on the tomb.

"Whenever you will be kind enough to show me the way."

Sir Aubrey felt that he had obtained very little information. It was something to hear that the father of the woman he admired had seen better days; yet, as the vicar had told him the same thing, he was no wiser for his talk with Sylvia. She had the air of a lady, he thought, though not that society manner which he should have desired for the future Lady Perriam. There was a suddenness, a freedom, in her speech, like a creature only half tamed. The beauties whom Sir Aubrey had hitherto admired had been distinguished by a graceful lassitude, an elegant weariness. This girl looked as if her veins held quicksilver. But then she was lovelier than the fairest of those more courtly beauties; and there was a novel charm in that energy—which was never loud-voiced or masculine—that pretty petulance which had so bewitching an air of candor. Those hazel eyes, which she turned to him now in the summer dusk—the fair paleness of that divine complexion! Where, out of an Italian picture, could he find such beauty?

He followed her along the little path, through the gate into the garden, where the lavender bushes looked gray under the stars.

"Papa," said Sylvia, going into the parlor, "Sir Aubrey Perriam has come to talk to you about the school."

Mr. Carew put aside his pipe, and rose hastily to greet the visitor—a very different guest from that wretched supplicant of last night. The school-master was more moved by this unexpected honor than a man of his temperament should have been, but he contrived to conceal his emotion, and received Sir Aubrey as calmly as if he had been accustomed to the "dropping in" of baronets.

Yet in his heart there was a swelling sense of triumph. "What can he come for, except to see her?" he asked himself; "and a man of his age once hit must be hit deeply. I should draw no augury from a young man's philandering. But *this* means something serious."

The baronet began to talk about the school, and succeeded pretty well in giving a parochial tone to his visit. Would a new school-house prove a positive advantage to the village of Hedingham, or was it only a hobby of the vicar's? And was the present site the best possible ground for such a building? and was the scheme popular among the Hedingham people? Before committing himself to any promise of assistance Sir Aubrey desired to be assured of these facts.

All these questions sounded strictly proprietorial questions, which a lord of the manor would naturally put to his lieges. But James Carew saw through the flimsy pretext, and marked the eyes which wandered involuntarily to the spot where Sylvia sat with her back to the open lattice, the night wind faintly stirring her hair.

"You are fond of books, Miss Carew, I see," said Sir Aubrey, glancing at the recess on one side of the fire-place, where hung three small painted shelves, adorned with blue ribbons. Those scraps of blue told the baronet to whom the books belonged.

"Yes," said the father, with a touch of pride, "she is more studious than most girls of her age, and has taught herself French and German, and, I believe, a little Latin, with very small help from me."

Many a time and oft had he grumbled at those studious propensities, complaining, with scant justice, that Sylvia neglected his comfort in order to pore over her books. But he felt tonight that her accomplishments were something to boast of.

Sir Aubrey went over to the recess and looked at the books. *The Sorrows of Werter*, in the original; *Eugénie Grandet*, *Faust*, also in the original; Lamartine's *Girondists*, Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*, Bulwer's *Zanoni*, and a dozen others of the same class. Nothing that was not classic.

Sir Aubrey took down one of the volumes haphazard. It was *Werter*. He opened the book, and in the fly-leaf was something that startled him almost as if his hand had lighted on an adder.

"Sylvia,
From Edmund,
In memory of Sunday, April 4."

This Sunday was the day when Edmund Standen first saw Sylvia in the church.

"From Edmund," said Sir Aubrey, looking at the inscription. "Your brother or cousin, I presume."

"She has neither brother nor cousin," answered Mr. Carew, looking daggers at his daughter. Those very books had hung above his head for the last three months, and he had never taken the trouble to examine them.

"Some village admirer, no doubt," said the baronet, blandly, but pierced to the heart by jealousy's sharp fang. While he had been debating whether he should or should not offend the tutelary deity of the Perriams by a misalliance, this girl was perhaps the plighted wife of some clod-hopper—a boor whose vulgar desires had never soared above a whitewashed hovel and an arbor of scarlet-runners.

Mr. Carew, seeing rocks to leeward, took rapid counsel with himself, and decided that candor was best. After all, he could best exalt his child by showing that she had already been sought by her superior in station.

It was just possible that the baronet might be of that jealous temper which bids a man draw back from the pursuit of the dearest object, does he but think he has a rival. But this narrow and captious temper is happily rare. Mr. Carew reflected that Mr. Standen's courtship of his daughter was most likely known to the village gossips, and would probably reach the ears of Sir Aubrey.

Yes, there could be no doubt that the true policy here was candor.

"Mr. Standen would hardly like to hear himself called a village admirer," said the school-master.

"Standen! What, the banker's son?"

"Yes. He has had the misfortune to fall in love with my foolish daughter yonder, and she has been so silly as to give him some slight encouragement. However, that is all over now. The young gentleman called upon me yesterday morning to urge his suit, and I gave him a very straightforward answer."

"You refused him?" asked the baronet.

"Unconditionally. You look surprised, Sir Aubrey. You think that a banker's son would be a very good match for a parish school-master's daughter. And so, I grant you, he would have been were there no drawback. If he marries my daughter, he marries her in direct opposition to his mother. And though I am a poor man, I hold honor before self-interest. I will not suffer my child to enter a family which refuses her an affectionate welcome."

This sounded noble, especially as Mr. Carew's speech gave no hint of Mrs. Standen's power to disinherit her son.

"I applaud your spirit, Sir," said the baronet, stealing a look at Sylvia, curious to know how near this subject was to her heart.

That drooping face, bent over the needle-work in the girl's hands, told him nothing. He next saw the fair young brow, the downcast eyelids with their auburn lashes. The attitude was of calmest repose. Passion could scarcely stir the heart beneath that tranquil bosom.

Having discussed the vicar's pet scheme in all its bearings, Sir Aubrey had no excuse for lingering. Yet he lingered, talking of the village and its surroundings, keenly interested in discovering what kind of man Mr. Carew was. An educated man, evidently, to begin with, and a man who had at some period of his existence been familiar with polite society. The glory of Sir Aubrey's presence abashed him not at all.

The little Dutch clock struck ten, and Sir Aubrey rose, with a guilty start.

"Upon my word, I owe you a hundred apologies," he said: "these summer evenings delude me into a forgetfulness of time."

"Pray do not apologize for the lateness of your visit, Sir Aubrey. The evening is the only time in which I am my own master, and free to receive a visitor."

"Then I may drop in again some evening to hear how the plans progress?" asked Sir Aubrey, quite ignoring the fact that nothing serious was likely to be done for the next two years.

"I shall be honored by your visit, Sir Aubrey."

"You are very good," returned the baronet. And then, with some hesitation, he went on: "If at any time, while the summer evenings last, you would like to bring Miss Carew to see Perriam—unless, indeed, she has seen it already—I should be very happy to show you the house and gardens. There is nothing new-fangled, none of those frivolous inventions for spending money with which people fill their places nowadays, but the gardens are large, and the house is well built. It might repay the trouble of a visit."

"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Aubrey. Neither I nor my daughter has seen Perriam Place."

"Why not fix upon a day, then? Could you come to-morrow?"

"We have no engagements," said Mr. Carew, with his somewhat bitter smile.

"Let it be to-morrow, then. I shall expect you at eight o'clock, and you can give me any new ideas that may have occurred to you about the school. Shall I send a carriage for you and Miss Carew?"

"You are too kind, Sir Aubrey. No, thanks; we would rather walk over to Perriam. It is a pleasant walk across the fields."

"So be it, then. My brother and I will show you the house and gardens. Perhaps we had better say half past seven. There might be hardly light enough after eight," said Sir Aubrey, gravely.

This advancement of the hour would oblige him to dine a little earlier than usual—a serious consideration for a gentleman of fixed habits.

"Half past seven, if you prefer that hour, Sir Aubrey," replied the school-master.

"Thanks. Good-night. Good-night, Miss Carew. You mustn't laugh at our old-fashioned ways at Perriam. People tell me we are half a century behind the times. But the Perriams have been Tories ever since they were Perriams. Good-night." And thus, with a somewhat lingering pressure of Sylvia's little hand, Sir Aubrey departed.

Mr. Carew escorted him to the garden gate with ceremonious politeness. He knew exactly where to draw the line between the respect due to the lord of the soil and the servility of a slavish mind. He stood at the gate and watched the slim upright figure till it vanished in the half dark of the summer night. Then he went slowly back to the parlor.

Sylvia had thrown aside her work. She was sitting in a listless attitude, with fixed brooding eyes bent upon the ground, the attitude of one absorbed in deepest thought.

Mr. Carew looked at her curiously as he barred the door.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune!"

he said, very slowly. And this was his sole comment upon Sir Aubrey's visit.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SHE IS WOMAN, THEREFORE TO BE WON."

THE next morning's post brought Sylvia a letter from Edmund Standen—a letter written at Southampton the night before the mail steamer left that port. It was the first letter her lover had ever written to her. At Hedingham it had been easy for them to meet, and there had been no need of letters. And this first love-letter was very sweet to her, though a vague flavor of bitterness mingled with that sweetness. So many obstacles arose to block the path along which they two had sworn to travel hand in hand. Sylvia shed some of her rare tears over that letter, and kissed the page which her lover's hand had pressed. Indeed it was a letter which any woman might have been proud to receive: a letter breathing as pure and honest a love as ever man felt for woman: a brave letter, in which the young man spoke confidently, yet not recklessly, of that battle of life which he was to fight for the maintenance of his home.

"I have begun to prepare myself already, dearest," he wrote, "and am endeavoring to supply any thing wanting in an education which has up to this point been literary rather than commercial. I provided myself with some of the best books on finance and the economy of banking as I came through London, and am going in seriously for study on the voyage out. I hope to have made myself, in theory at least, a good banker by the time I get back to England, so that I may present myself to the directors at Monkhampton with the double advantage of my father's name and my own knowledge."

This was the only business-like paragraph in the letter. The rest was all the lover's talk of that rose-colored future—that almost celestial felicity with which youth's fond credulity invests an earthly lot. But there was not a line which did not go straight home to Sylvia's heart. He trusted her so entirely. Not a thought of doubt breathed in that letter. It was written to a woman whom the writer believed above suspicion.

"I should be the worst and basest of women if I betrayed such affection," thought Sylvia, with a sigh, as she at last laid down that dear letter. "Yet I see nothing but difficulties in our path."

She had before the eyes of her mind—those eyes which see so many things as the weaver of dreams sits in her quiet chamber—another path which was beset by no perils, a path which seemed to be strewed with roses. Only on this path the genius of domestic love shed not her starry light. There were the roses of worldly prosperity, the honor and reverence of mankind, the splendor of a great triumph. But Love stood with averted face in the background of that picture, and cried, "Here I have no place."

"No," said Sylvia, "I can not be false to him."

Unhappily when a woman tells herself she can not betray, it is a sure sign that she has contemplated the possibility of treachery.

Mr. Carew was particularly civil to his daughter all this day. There was an altered tone which puzzled Sylvia. She did not know that this novel courtesy was shown to the future Lady Perriam.

"Do you want a new bonnet, or any thing, to make you tidy this evening?" he asked, during the mid-day calm, while the school-boys had gone home to their dinners.

"I want lots of things, papa," the girl answered, quickly. "But if you can give me a pound, that will do."

"A pound!" exclaimed Mr. Carew. "Do you think I am made of money? Here, you can have this half sovereign. It will be hard enough for us to rub on till next quarter, but we must manage somehow."

"Thank you, papa; half a sovereign is better than nothing."

"Be sure you look your best this evening."

"Why, papa? Do you suppose two old gentlemen like Sir Aubrey and Mr. Perriam will notice my looks?"

"Sir Aubrey is a gentleman in the prime of life. Don't let me hear you call him old any more."

When afternoon school had begun, and Mr. Carew was again absorbed by his uncongenial duties, Sylvia opened her desk and directed an envelope to Mrs. Carford, care of Mrs. Wood, Bell Alley, Fetter Lane.

She wrote only one line on a sheet of paper.

"I send a little help—all I have to send." No signature—no word more. In this sheet of paper she folded the half sovereign, and carefully inclosed her little packet in the envelope. This done, she went to the village post-office, registered her letter, and posted it.

"I am sending my little bit of pocket-money to my old nurse," she said to Mr. Prosser, the chemist, in explanation of this unusual proceeding. People who live in a village are expected to explain themselves, if they deviate ever so little from the beaten track of life.

Perhaps this one small piece of self-sacrifice was the first good action that Sylvia had ever done in her life. Destiny might also intend it to be the last.

She gave a little sigh as she dropped the letter in the box, thinking of the Monkhampton draper's, and the sash and neck ribbons she might have bought with those ten shillings—ribbons that would have given color and brightness to that shabby, plain muslin dress, which she was to iron this afternoon. Cleanliness was the only luxury Miss Carew could afford herself, and for this she was dependent upon her own industry.

Yet when half past six o'clock came, and Sylvia was dressed for the visit to Perriam, no ribbon seemed wanting to set off that beauty, whose highest charm was its spirituality—not the mere sensuous beauty of a lovely, soulless image, but the changeful loveliness of an intellectual being. That still loftier charm of nobility of nature might seem wanting to the keen eye of the acute physiognomist; but acute physiognomists are happily rare, and those who looked at Sylvia, for the most part, saw intellect and beauty, and took goodness for granted.

Mr. Carew seemed to his daughter almost a new man, as they walked across the fields, sometimes by a broad sweep of purple clover, sometimes in the narrow path between tall boundaries of wheat ripe for the sickle, sometimes by a green lane where belated birds chirruped among the darkening leaves of oak and elm. He talked, and with amazing cheerfulness; praised Sir Aubrey's elegant appearance and perfect manners; remarked, in passing, that there was no position upon this lower world more agreeable than the position of a country gentleman with an unencumbered estate; harped upon the well-known wealth of the Perriams, their quiet manner of living, whereby that wealth must have gathered bulk, from year to year, like a rolling snow-ball.

Sylvia heard, and sighed regretfully, and thought of that dear letter locked in her desk at home.

"I wish Edmund had never loved me," she thought, her mind dwelling upon the writer of that letter, while the school-master talked of Sir Aubrey. "It might have been happier for both of us."

Perriam was built in a valley, after the manner of our forefathers, who preferred shelter from

bleak winds to the splendor of an elevated position, and, save for aggressive or defensive purposes, seldom planted their habitations upon the heights. Around Perriam Place spread some of the most fertile meadows in the county—meadows so richly timbered and park-like that one could scarcely tell where the park ended and the home-farm began. Indeed, the park proper was not large, but borrowed dignity from the length of a double avenue, in which the tall old elms, set far back from the road, left space for an inner line of silver-firs, said to be the finest in England. A stately stone archway, with a lodge on either side, formed the entrance to this avenue.

Mr. Carew and his daughter did not approach Perriam by this chief entrance. At the edge of the park there was a little old church in a dell, inclosed by a crumbling old stone wall, in whose interstices hart's-tongue ferns throve abundantly, and accessible by a narrow lane with a turnstile, through which one came straight into the park itself. The raised terrace of the Italian garden almost touched the wall within whose boundary the Perriams lay buried, in a narrow grave-yard which held nothing but Perriams. And the level of the garden being considerably above the level of the church-yard, Sir Aubrey had the advantage of surveying his slumbering ancestors from an eminence, a spectacle conducive to meditation and reflections of a Horatian character upon the brevity of life, and the mutability of things in general. The little church, an appendage of Perriam, the grave-yard exclusively devoted to Perriams, impressed Sylvia with a sense of grandeur which all the gold of the Rothschilds, taken merely as gold, could not have inspired. That family distinction which comes from long establishment in the land, the deep-rooted family tree which has grown and flourished and spread its branches over the same spot almost from the beginning of recorded time, as it were, is a kind of renown which seems peculiarly dazzling to the waifs and strays of humanity. Sylvia, who knew nothing of her father's history except his dishonor, felt this impression keenly; and Sir Aubrey, who in the apple orchard had seemed no more than a courteous elderly gentleman, acquired on his own domain an almost princely character.

The school-master and his daughter crossed a stretch of level turf, and entered the avenue within a hundred yards of the house. Sylvia had never before been so near that stately pile. She had only seen it from the distance, grand and gloomy, standing aloof from the elms and beeches of the park, the cedars and maples of the lawn—on an island of barren gravel and turf laid out stiffly in the Italian style, with a Faunus and a Dryad, a Pan and a Siren, simpering on their pedestals at the angles of the walks.

The hall door stood open, but for ceremony Mr. Carew rang a bell, which made noise enough to have startled the establishment of the Sleeping Beauty. He had scarcely done so when he beheld a gentleman crossing the hall, a gentleman in a coat of somewhat antique cut.

"Good-evening, Sir Aubrey," he said. "You see we are very punctual."

Sylvia pulled her father's sleeve.

"Papa, how can you be so stupid?" she whispered, while the gentleman stood smiling inanely, with a look of considerable embarrassment.

The woman's quick eye had noted the difference of dress, of style, between the two brothers. The faces bore a marked resemblance, a likeness which in the half-light of the hall had been strong enough to deceive the school-master.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Mordred Perriam: "you mistake me for my brother. We are generally considered alike. Pray walk in. Sir Aubrey expects you."

Sir Aubrey opened the dining-room door at this moment, and came out to welcome his visitors. Yes, there was a wide difference between the two men, but it was a difference of dress and style. The elder brother was as studious in his costume, and as well preserved in his person, as a French marquis of the old régime; while Mordred Perriam's high limp shirt collar, cambric frill, watered black ribbon and double eyeglass, nankeen waistcoat, and chocolate-colored coat, ill-cut hair, and shaggy eyebrows, bespoke the bookworm's indifference to the mutations of fashion or the decay of his good looks. Even that chocolate coat was a mark of respect to his brother. Mr. Perriam was never happier than when loosely enveloped in a dressing-gown which age had rendered dear to him.

"How do you do?" cried Sir Aubrey. "So good of you to come! My brother, Mr. Perriam, Miss Carew—Mr. Carew, Mr. Perriam. Shall we take tea before we walk round the gardens? Perhaps we had better. Miss Carew must want a little refreshment after her walk, and ladies are generally fond of tea. There will be light enough for the gardens afterward. I have no floricultural specimens to show you; I leave the cultivation of curious plants to foolish old ladies who want to spend their money. Perriam could only be Perriam if I squandered a fortune on orchids."

Mr. Carew murmured his acquiescence with a proposition which seemed incontrovertible, and Sir Aubrey led the way to the saloon, where tea had been prepared for the visitors on an oval table in the semicircular bay or alcove at the end of the room. The china was Indian, and the silver tray and tea-kettle were specimens of that famous period which still takes highest rank among the connoisseurs of the silversmith's art. Some dry biscuits in a silver basket, and a dish of early plums from the southern wall, composed the somewhat unsubstantial meal; but the school-master had not come to Perriam to eat or to drink, and sipped his tea out of the crimson and gold dragon china with supreme contentment. The baronet had placed Sylvia before the tray, with a ceremonious request that she would pour out the tea.

"I do it myself when my brother and I are alone," he said; "but it seems much more natural, as well as much more agreeable, to see a lady in that place."

Sylvia smiled. She felt an almost childish pleasure in handling those splendid tea-cups, that antique tea-pot, and the curious old tea-kettle, mounted high upon four slim legs. Never before to-night had she poured tea out of a silver tea-pot; never before to-night touched such costly china. And then these things had a peculiar charm of their own which lifted them above the commonplace splendors of the Monkhampton shop-windows. They possessed the double charm of age and rarity.

They lingered a little over that simple banquet, while the dusk deepened yonder on the cedar-shadowed lawn, and the butler, always slow to bring lamps and candles, left them to enjoy the gloaming. Sir Aubrey was in no hurry to break the spell that bound him. He was sitting by Sylvia, watching her white hands as they hovered about the tea-things with such light, gracious movements. Why should he not have her always to pour out his tea, if he chose? There was no one to question his will. He was supreme master of his life and actions. Only destiny could interpose to prevent his being happy after his own fashion.

Musing thus, Sir Aubrey fell into a deep silence, which no other member of that small assembly ventured to break. They were there as his vassals, even Mordred, and if the prince were silent, who among them should dare to speak? Nor was that stillness uncongenial to the summer dusk, or the splendid gloom of that spacious apartment.

Sylvia's keen eyes wandered here and there in the gloom. Why, the room was as large as Hedingham Church. That lofty ceiling, that florid cornice, impressed her with an unspeakable sense of grandeur. She thought of the school-house parlor, with its low ceiling, sustained by a clumsy whitewashed beam, in which a rusty iron hook or two, which no mortal hand seemed strong enough to extract, marked where ruder generations had hung their bacon to dry in the reek of the household hearth. What a contrast between those two rooms! The carpet here was like the turf on the vicarage lawn, deep and soft, and silent beneath the heaviest footfall. The vast room, void of pictures, mirrors, and frippery of all kinds, had an almost awful look in the dusk. An Egyptian temple could have hardly been more solemn.

"Come," said Sir Aubrey, suddenly rousing himself from that long reverie. "We shall have very little light for the gardens; but you must come again and see them better. Yes," with a desperate plunge, "you must come and dine with us some day next week."

Sir Aubrey heard his brother's startled movement in the dusk yonder. It was the slightest possible movement—an involuntary action, like the start which some people give at a vivid flash of lightning; but Sir Aubrey understood it. He knew that there was a wide difference between asking this school-master and his daughter to tea, in a purely patronizing way, as befitted the lord of the manor, and inviting them to dinner as if they were his equals.

"What would the county say?" thought Mordred, in mute horror. He saw very little of the county himself, and in the serene retirement of his kitchen-garden cared very little what the county thought of him. But he had a fixed idea that his brother was bound to defer to the opinion of the county, and, if he ever married at all, to marry in accordance with the expectations of the county. Sir Aubrey had been engaged to a duke's daughter, and the county would be slow to forgive him the disgrace of a discreditable alliance.

But Sir Aubrey had cast the die, and began to feel reckless. "After all, a man should live for himself," he thought. "Shall I have a vinegar-faced spinster to pour out my tea for the sake of the quarterings on her father's shield? At my age a man is bound to make the most of his life."

They went out into the garden, this being part of the programme, and a thing to be done, as it were. Here, in the cool dusk, Sir Aubrey led his visitors along the stiff walks of the Italian garden to that wide terrace from which, looking downward, they saw Perriam Church sheltered in its green dell, and the tombs of the Perriams showing grayish-white against the surrounding foliage—such a quiet, half-hidden little church and grave-yard. Here, verily, death must be a peaceful slumber—no jar of city traffic to stir the sleeper, no roar of steam-engine to shake the mouldering dust!

Mr. Carew quoted Horace, involuntarily. Mr. Perriam, delighted at the opportunity, began a long story of a Venetian Horace which he had acquired—a wondrous bargain, only one volume being wanting—from a bookseller in Glasgow. Full of his story, Mr. Perriam hooked his arm through the school-master's and trotted him up and down the terrace, at his kitchen-garden pace, and thus, placidly unconscious of the mischief he might be doing, left Sir Aubrey and Sylvia alone together.

The stars were out in the clear summer heaven, and the girl's face, looking up at that silver light, seemed divinely beautiful, for all lovely things take new loveliness from the light of moon and stars. It was the face of one of Raphael's young Madonnas, serenely pensive, with lips half parted in a thoughtful smile, as if those deeply dark eyes looked beyond the landscape they seemed to rest on to some fairer spirit-land. Sir Aubrey contemplated the girl's face in silent admiration as she stood leaning against the sculptured vase, at an angle of the balustrade. Could any thing so lovely be otherwise than good? he asked himself, with little doubt as to the answer. It seemed to him that this outward perfection implied a corresponding beauty in the spiritual nature.

And indeed it is possible that in the soul that belonged to this perfect form there had once been all the elements of goodness, needing only training for their development. Some natures are self-sustaining, like yonder cedar; others are but plants of a parasite growth, which need to be directed by the judicious hand of the gardener.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are gratified to have it in our power to announce the success of the application, on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington, to Professor AGASSIZ to deliver a course of lectures in Washington this winter upon "Man and Animals," an invitation to that effect having been extended by the President and many other citizens of Washington through Professor HENRY. The acceptance of the invitation is made conditional upon the maintenance of the professor's health, and it is hoped, both for his own sake and that of the public, that he may be enabled to carry out the plan. These lectures will probably embody the most authoritative statement yet made of his views in regard to the great biological questions of the day—namely, that of the origin of species and the extent of the changes to which animals and plants are liable by means of physical agencies and from natural selection.

We have already mentioned in our columns the provisional donation to the California Academy of Sciences, by Mr. JAMES LICK, of a valuable lot in San Francisco, and the conditions under which it was to be transferred. The lot, which is 80 by 275 feet, is situated at the corner of Fourth and Market streets, and is extremely valuable; but the condition that, unless a very expensive building be erected upon it within a very limited period, the lot is to revert to its owner, detracts very much from the positive value of the gift, as it has been considered impossible to secure the necessary means within the time mentioned. More recently, however, a new deed has been issued by Mr. LICK, by which ten years are allowed to the Academy, after taking possession, for the erection of the building. This must be of brick, at least three stories high, suitably ornamented, and to contain rooms for a library, a museum, and a lecture-hall. The deed further stipulates that the property must not be incumbered nor allowed to be sold for taxes, that the property shall not be alienated during the lifetime of any of the existing members, and shall never be leased nor occupied for any religious or political purpose, though this restriction is not to be applied to subjects of a scientific, artistic, or literary nature. Should these provisions be violated, the property reverts to the State, which is an additional security that it will be maintained perpetually in the Academy.

Among other recent deaths we have to chronicle that, on the 12th of July last, of Mr. JOSEPH BARCLAY PENTLAND, in his eighty-first year. Mr. PENTLAND was born in 1792, and having studied at the University of Paris, became acquainted with CUVIER, who was attracted to him by his fondness for comparative anatomy and other branches of natural science. In 1827 he was appointed to the secretaryship of the British consulate in Peru, which took him to that country. He was the first to measure the Bolivian mountains, Illimani and Sorata, which proved to be 21,190 feet high.

At a later date Mr. PENTLAND was appointed consul-general to the republic of Bolivia, and during his residence in that country made a complete survey of Lake Titicaca, a body of water having an area of 2222 square miles. During his explorations in Bolivia Mr. PENTLAND found silurian fossils at the height of 17,000 feet and those of carboniferous limestone at 14,000 feet above the sea.

In the death of Mr. CORNELIUS VARLEY, on the 2d of October, in the ninety-second year of his age, the London Society of Arts loses one of its earliest and most active members. For a long time he prepared the drawings for its transactions, and he was a constant attendant at its meetings for nearly sixty years. Various improvements were made by him in the camera lucida, camera obscura, the telescope, microscope, etc. He was the father of Mr. C. F. VARLEY, the eminent electrician, whose services have been of so great value in connection with the construction of late lines of land and water telegraph.

We place on record, for the purpose of completing the history of the *Polaris* expedition, the fact of the arrival at Dundee on the 22d of October of the steamship *Eric*, with Messrs. R. W. BRYAN, the astronomer; J. W. BOOTH, fireman; and J. B. MAUCH, seaman, these being the last of the party. They sailed almost immediately for America, with the exception of Mr. BRYAN, who remained in England a week longer.

At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris a communication was presented containing an account of the travels of the Abbé DAVID in Central China, in continuation of those which have resulted in adding so greatly to our knowledge of the natural history of that country. The abbé left Pekin on the 2d of October, 1872, passing in a southwesterly direction, and moving off the ordinarily traveled routes, with the object of better studying the geological condition of the country. His course was interrupted on the frontiers of Tse-tchuen and Kan-su, having been refused permission to enter the latter province on account of the rebellion prevailing therein.

The abbé discovered three coal deposits to the north of Mount Tsin-lin, and visited another in a different locality. At a later date, in descending the Han-kian, his vessel was wrecked, and he lost the greater part of his collections, including numerous species of vertebrates, and probably many novelties. This mishap discouraged him to such an extent that he decided to return almost immediately to France.

Mr. JAMES LICK, whose liberality to the California Academy of Sciences we have already recorded, now proposes to add to his benefactions to science by establishing a first-class observatory at some elevated point in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, perhaps at or near Lake Tahoe. It is well known that the lower strata of the atmosphere are constantly filled with particles of dust, and the principal observatories hitherto established are at localities and levels where the air is obscured, in addition, by atmospheric moisture. It is thought, therefore, that an observatory erected at a great altitude, in the comparatively rainless region of California, will permit the prosecution of researches throughout the greater part of the year, and allow the observation of astronomical phenomena to a degree of perfection not possible at establishments less favorably situated. Indeed, the observations of Professor YOUNG, made two years ago at Sherman Station, in the Rocky Mountains, have proved this fact very conclusively.

The report of the Central Park Menagerie for the year ending May 31, 1873, has just been published by its director, Mr. WILLIAM A. CONKLIN, and presents satisfactory evidence of the growing favor evinced toward this interesting and important appendage of the Central Park, and of its excellent management. We learn from it that the number of species as well as of specimens received during the past year is much greater than heretofore, and that the total footing is 806 animals, an increase of 205. While some of these were only on temporary deposit, of the permanent collection of the Park there were 199 quadrupeds, 347 birds, and 35 reptiles. Among the births in the museum there were two lions, one leopard, two pumas, one camel, and one hyena.

A notable feature of the museum, during the winter season especially, consists in the presence of many large and rare animals deposited by Messrs. BARNUM, BAILEY, RICH, VAN AMBURG, REICHE & BROTHERS, and others. Among those kept for Mr. BARNUM are two giraffes, two sea-lions, one manatee, and one Malayan tapir. A complete list of the vertebrates exhibited in the Park, giving both the scientific and popular names, adds greatly to the value of the report, and shows that, considering the small amount of money that is available for the purpose, the director is to be congratulated upon the success with which his trust has been administered.

We have to record the death, on the 4th of October last, of Professor GEORGE C. SCHAEFFER, of Washington, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Professor SCHAEFFER, at the time, was librarian in the United States Patent-office, and has been well known for many years as an ardent cultivator of physical and natural science. He was an occasional contributor to scientific journals, and was a prominent member of the scientific societies of Washington. Particular attention was paid by him to the microscopic structure of fossil plants, and other applications of the microscope, and he had accumulated a large number of observations bearing on this subject. His extensive and varied knowledge of scientific matters rendered him a specially suitable incumbent of the office of librarian to the Patent-office, where he was constantly called upon for references required by the large body of examiners connected with that institution.

During the many years in which Professor HAYDEN has been engaged in prosecuting the geological and geographical survey of the Territories, an annual report of greater or less magnitude has attested the industry of himself and associates, and the value and character of his investigations. He has now commenced the publication of the general results of his labors in systematic form (somewhat upon the plan of the Smithsonian contributions to knowledge), and to occupy five stout quarto volumes. These will constitute a complete library of reference on every thing relating to the physical and natural history of the great West, and, as such, promise to occupy a high place in the scientific literature of the day.

Of this series of reports the first published is that by Dr. CYRUS THOMAS, upon the *Acrididæ*, a group of insects, embracing what are called grasshoppers in the United States and locusts in the Old World, and including some of the most destructive insect pests known; of these he enumerates about 120 species. The types have all been placed in the United States Agricultural Department for permanent preservation. The work forms a large quarto of about 250 pages, constituting the first part of a volume to be devoted exclusively to an account of the recent zoology of the West.

The death took place at Washington, on the 26th of October last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, of Mr. JOSEPH SAXTON, Superintendent of Weights and Measures in the United States Coast Survey office. Mr. SAXTON had been failing in health for several years, and his death was not unexpected by his friends. He possessed extraordinary mechanical ability; indeed, Professor BACHE, his colleague and official superior, pronounced him the greatest mechanic the world ever saw. He commenced business as a silversmith in his native town in Huntington County, Pennsylvania, where, at the age of sixteen years, he constructed a printing-press, and published a small newspaper. He then removed to Philadelphia, and constructed the old city clock, which still marks time over Independence Hall. He subsequently visited Europe, and resided in London and Paris for nine years. He was the first inventor of the electro-magnetic machine producing an electric spark, and to him its discovery is justly due.

For a time after his return to America he superintended the construction of the machinery for the Philadelphia Mint, and was occupied for a considerable period in erecting it and in making dies for the American coin. Twenty-eight years ago he went to Washington to assist Professor BACHE in the work of the Coast Survey, and since then he was chiefly occupied in connection with the department of Weights and Measures.

Mr. SAXTON also invented the celebrated medal ruling-machine, by which the contours of coins, medals, and other objects of slight relief can be transferred in lines, from which a facsimile print of the original can be made. Mr. SAXTON, at the time of his death, was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and his decease consequently leaves a vacancy in that body.

THE LAST DAYS OF HARVEST.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

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MERCENARY SOLDIERS.

THE eighteenth century was stained by one great blot, from which its precursors had been nearly or wholly free, that of systematized man-selling for military purposes. English and Dutch crimps in sea-port towns were ever on the watch to insnare the raw material of soldiers to serve the rival East India companies. In France ruffianly contractors made regular bargains for handing over a specified number of hocused or terrified young rustics to the rich marquis who had bought from the king or his reigning favorite the colonelcy of a new corps. But Germany, split up into a multitude of petty principalities, offered the most pitiable spectacle of all, for there every little despot, bishop, duke, or sovereign count suddenly discovered that in the blood of his people he possessed a gold mine that would conveniently provide the means of that lavish expenditure of which Versailles had set the example. Press-gangs were continually at work in dragging away the husbandman from his plow, the shepherd lad from his sheep, to wear blue or white uniforms, according to the colors of the customer, and to bleed and die for the King of France, for the King of Prussia, or for the Elector of Hanover, like those Hessians whom George the Third bought to repress the revolt of the American colonists.

It would be ludicrous, were it not that the wretched circumstances of the actors in the gory drama demand compassion, to trace the fortunes of some of the involuntary warriors who were bartered by their native rulers for foreign gold. Often a whole regiment would be taken prisoners, and would change sides without a murmur, and do battle under the enemy's flag with the meek submissiveness of armed slaves who have found a new master. Individual captives were usually cajoled or bullied into taking service with the victors. Such troops had no heart in their work, and when not under the watchful eye of a strict officer, were more prone to run than to fight. But Frederick the Great and his eccentric father had found out that drill and discipline could work wonders with indifferent materials, and that a man might be a valuable fighting machine long after his spirit had been crushed and snubbed out of him. It is not pleasant to read the details of a régime of cane and pipe-clay, of dungeons, executions, cold, shame, hunger, all coolly calculated to tame turbulent humanity into automatic obedience, and each item of human suffering and degradation reckoned with the scientific complacency of the mathematician. A young man of tolerable constitution, whether Frenchman or German, whether English, Polish, Swedish, mattered little, was worth a certain sum in the military market, precisely as a Guinea negro was worth a certain sum in the labor market. It was cheaper to buy him from somebody else than from himself; therefore prince, crimp, and kidnaper were dealt with in preference to the intended soldier, and when once he was caught, the drill-sergeant, the prison-keeper, and the captain with a sword in his right hand and a cane in his left, could be trusted to screw out of him the money's worth of available service. Men of various nationalities, stocked, scourged, and sharply looked after by vigilant warders, fought the battles of the great Frederick just as the galley-slaves rowed the vessels of the great Louis, and under the same stimulus of consistent terror oarsman and grenadier fulfilled their allotted task. It was not until after the iron had entered into the souls of the vanquished of Jena that a national Prussian army—sprung from the land of Körnhorst, Schill, and Blücher, rather than from that of the royal philosopher of Potsdam—thrice found the road to Paris.

The French, however, are correct in their boast that national armies, as distinguished from

professional ones, first sprang from their soil, although certainly not as spontaneous productions. The French youth, though not, save in mountainous districts, such as the Lower Pyrenees, apt to go to such extremes as desertion, manifests much passive reluctance to pay the "tax of blood." Under the Directory it was necessary to tie the conscripts, neck and heels, and fling them into a cart, like so many calves, to bring them safely to head-quarters. But just as pressed men in the British navy were the briskest at their guns, so did the lads whom the fury of the revolutionary wars dragged from home fight with much dash, if with no great steadiness. There is no doubt but that the old soldiers raised under the monarchy cleared the way for the raw levies of Fleurus and Marengo, but their number was soon thinned, and it was not until the families of France were drained of sons that the tide of conquest rolled backward from the Kremlin to the Parisian boulevards.

From the French other nations have readily caught up the idea of compulsory military service, and for more than half a century guards have been mounted and battles fought by millions of armed men who were forced into fighting or preparing to fight. England has remained the solitary country in Europe that has thought fit to intrust her safety to a small but costly army, raised by voluntary enlistment, and aided by a fine fleet, manned on the same principle. These safeguards, as we know, she has supplemented by the assistance of a large force of volunteers, a percentage of whom are undoubtedly the finest marksmen in the world, while some are fairly trained, though necessarily unpracticed, infantry. On the other hand, the military systems of all Continental nations are in a state of anxious and expensive transition, and armed nations, in place of national armies, are fast being prepared to confront one another, armed for war.

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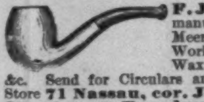
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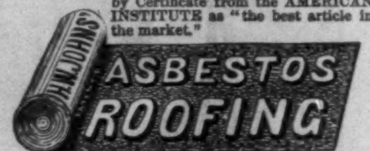

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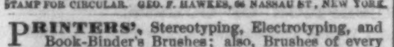

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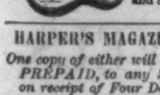

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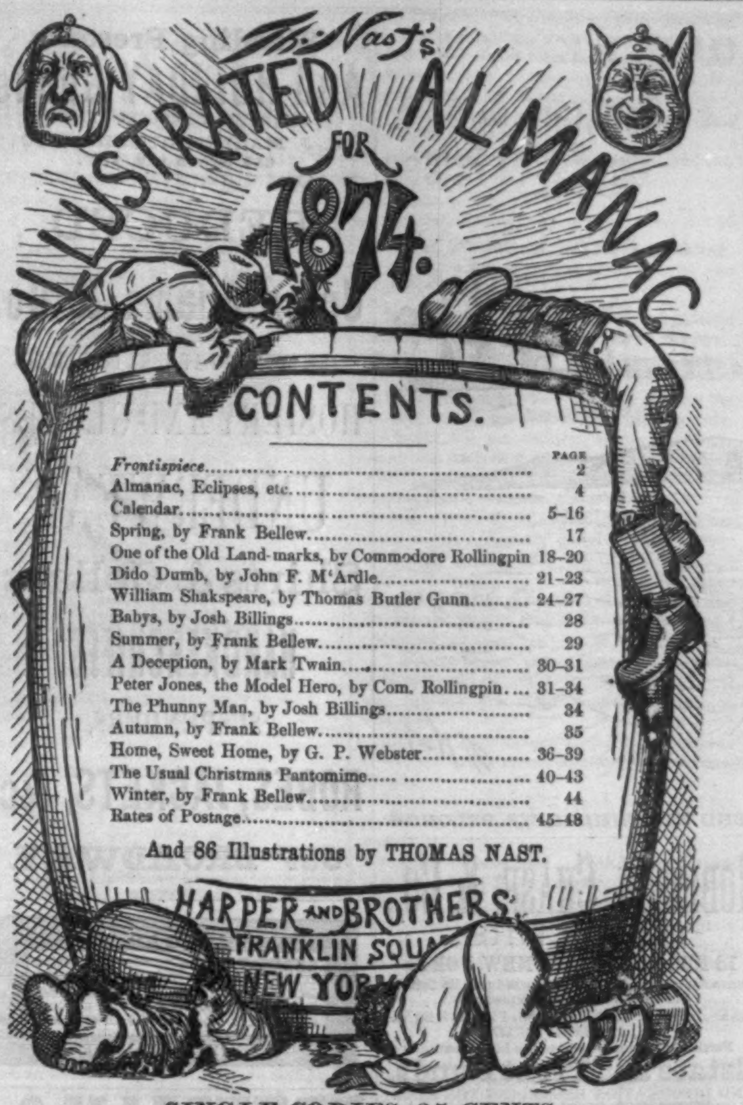

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[CONTINUED FROM NO. 883, PAGE 1076.]

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

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AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

"PRESENTLY BLADE-O'-GRASS'S BABY WAS IN THE BLIND GIRL'S ARMS."

IV.—(*Continued.*)

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

THIS was a sad episode in our holiday-making. I could not leave Blade-o'-Grass alone. In her despair, in her belief that the hands and hearts of all were against her, she would be certain to take the first opportunity of escaping from us, and would thus bring further trouble on herself. I looked toward Mr. Merrywhistle; his face was turned from me. I called to him, and he came. I had a thought which I resolved to act upon. I desired him to keep by the side of Blade-o'-Grass until I returned, and I went at once in search of Rachel. The musicians were doing their best merrily, and the children were dancing and playing joyously.

"This is a very happy day," said Mrs. Silver, as I approached her; "see how they are enjoying themselves, poor things. It will be a great remembrance for them."

Her tone changed when she saw the anxiety in my face; she laid her hand upon my arm.

"You are in trouble."

"Yes," I said; "but make your mind easy. It is nothing at all connected with our children. I will tell you about it by-and-by. Where is Rachel?"

"There, helping to get tea ready. You must come and have a cup, Mr. Meadow. It will refresh you."

I said that I would, and I asked if she would spare Rachel for a little while. Yes, she answered, with a solicitous look. I smiled at her to re-assure her. As I walked toward Rachel I passed Ruth; she was suckling her baby. A white kerchief covered her bosom and her baby's face, and she raised a corner of it to whisper some endearing words to her treasure. Again the vapor passed over my mind. I trembled as I detected the resemblance in her voice to the voice of the hapless mother I had just left. But I was now close to Rachel. She smiled at me, knowing my step. I remember that that was the first occasion on which I called her by her Christian name.

"Rachel, I want you to help me. Mrs. Silver says she can spare you."

Rachel took off her apron, and gave me her hand, and I led her to where Blade-o'-Grass was lying. As briefly as I could I told her all, and I asked her to comfort Blade-o'-Grass.

"Indeed, indeed, I will try, Mr. Meadow!" she said, earnestly.

"We must not lose her; she must go back to London with us. In her present state of mind she believes every one to be against her. But she will trust you, Rachel, because—"

"Because I am blind," she said, sweetly. "I will strive to do my best." She paused a moment, and added, "Is it not a good thing, Mr. Meadow, that I can not see?"

I could not answer her; my emotion stopped my utterance. I left her with Blade-o'-Grass, and Mr. Merrywhistle and I stood apart from them.

"Give me your hand, my dear," Rachel said. Blade-o'-Grass made no movement. "My dear, I am blind!"

Involuntarily, as if the claim were sisterly, and could not be denied, the hand of Blade-o'-Grass was held out to Rachel, and Rachel clasped it, and sat down by her side. What passed during the next few moments I did not hear; but I saw that Rachel was speaking to Blade-o'-Grass, and presently Blade-o'-Grass's baby was in the blind girl's arms, and the mother was looking wonderingly into her face. I acknowledged the wisdom of Rachel's act; by that tie she held Blade-o'-Grass to her. But up to this time Blade-o'-Grass had not spoken; Rachel had not won a word from her lips.

"Let us join our friends," said Mr. Merrywhistle; "we can leave them safely together now."

"One moment," I answered; "I am waiting for something."

What I was waiting for came presently. Rachel was fondling the child's hand, and holding it to her lips, when Blade-o'-Grass spoke. A look of terror flashed into Rachel's face. I was by her side in an instant, my hand in hers. She clung to it, and raised herself to her feet.

"Tell me," she whispered, in a tone of suffering; "for mercy's sake, tell me! Whose voice was it I heard just now?"

"It was Blade-o'-Grass that spoke," I replied; "the unhappy girl I told you of. She is younger than you are, my dear, and you hold her child in your arms. Comfort her, Rachel; she needs comfort sorely!"

"I have heard her voice before," said Rachel, with sobs, "and it reminds me—oh, it reminds me of one I love so dearly, so dearly!"

"The greater reason, my dear, that you should aid her in her affliction. Her heart is bleeding, Rachel. Do not alarm her unnecessarily—she suspects every body but you; she is looking toward us now, with struggling doubt in her face. Be strong, for pity's sake!"

She needed no other encouragement. I left them together, and when the time for our departure to London arrived, they were still sitting side by side. An expression of solemn pity rested on Rachel's face. She kissed Blade-o'-Grass and the child before they parted, and asked Blade-o'-Grass to kiss her. The poor girl did so, with grateful tears. Then I gave Blade-o'-Grass into the charge of Mr. Merrywhistle, and led Rachel to her friends. But only to Ruth did she cling; she clasped her arms round her sister's neck, and sobbed quietly on her shoulder.

"Why, Rachel!" exclaimed Ruth. "Rachel, my dearest!"

"Let me be, Ruth dear!" sobbed Rachel. "Let me be! Do not say any thing to me. I shall be better presently."

It was no easy matter getting our children together. We had to call them by name, and count them; it was an anxious task, and it occupied a longer time than we anticipated. And in the end there was one missing—Jacky Brown. None of the boys or girls could tell us where he was, and we were fully a quarter of an hour hunting for him. We were in great trouble, but at length we discovered him, with such a dirty face, sitting under one of the largest trees in the wood.

"Come, come, Jacky," Mrs. Silver said, "this isn't good of you. Didn't you hear the horn?"

"Yes, I 'eerd the 'orn, but I ain't a-comin'," was his confident reply.

"Oh, Jacky, Jacky!" she remonstrated.

"I ain't a-goin' 'ome any more. I'm a-goin' to stop under this tree as long as I live, and I don't want to move."

We absolutely had to use a little force with him, and while we carried the little fellow to the vans, he cried again and again that he didn't want to go home any more. References to Old Rookey had no effect upon him; he wanted to live among the trees always, and he was passionately grieved because he could not have his way. The children sang all along the road to London; and I was glad to see that the majority of them had bunches of wild flowers in their hands. And thus the day ended happily, for all but one.

"We shall sleep well to-night," said Mrs. Silver, with a satisfied sigh.

I did not, although I was thoroughly tired out.

V.

YOU'RE A PARSON, SIR, AND I PUT IT TO YOU. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO PARTIN' MOTHER AND CHILD?

IT was not alone because Mr. Merrywhistle urged me that I took an interest in Blade-o'-Grass. I was impelled to do so by certain feelings of my own with reference to the poor girl. I became nervously desirous to learn her history, and I questioned Mr. Merrywhistle. He could tell me nothing, however, but the usual tale attached to such unhappy human waifs—a tale which I had heard, with slightly varying forms of detail, many times before. I desired to learn something more definite—something which I scarcely dared to confess, even to myself, working as I was in the dark, and with only a vague impression or a morbid fancy for a basis. But then came the thought that Rachel shared the impression with me, and I continued my inquiries.

"Jimmy Virtue knows more about Blade-o'-Grass than I do," said Mr. Merrywhistle. "It was through him I first became acquainted with her."

Jimmy Virtue was not very communicative; it was not in his nature to take easily to new friends.

"But you yourself," I urged, "spoke of her mother and father as if you knew them intimately."

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah! I ain't over-particular what I say sometimes, so you must put it down to that. You see, they weren't long in this alley afore the father cut away, and the mother—well, she died! So what should I know of 'em? The mother was buried afore the kids was three weeks old."

"The children!" I exclaimed, my heart beating fast at this discovery. "Then the poor mother had twins?"

"Yes, there was two on 'em; as if one warn't enough, and more than enough! And then a woman—Mrs. Manning her name was—comes round a-beggin' for the babbies, and a nice row she kicked up about it. Arksed me what I'd lend on 'em—as if babbies warn't as cheap as dirt, and a deal sight more troublesome!"

"These twins, Mr. Virtue—were they both girls?"

"Yes, they was both gals, I 'eerd."

"What became of the other child?" I asked, eagerly.

"What other?" demanded Jimmy Virtue, surlily. "I didn't know no other. Blade-o'-Grass was the only one left."

And this was all the information I could elicit from him. I inquired of other old residents in Stony Alley, but not one of them remembered any thing worth hearing. I returned to Mr. Merrywhistle, and after narrating to him the fruitless result of my inquiries, I asked abruptly if he knew any thing concerning the circumstances attending the birth of Ruth. The old man changed color, and his manner became very nervous.

"I can see your drift," he said, in a troubled voice. "In your mind, Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass are associated, as if some undiscovered tie exists between them. I once shared your suspicion. I saw in Blade-o'-Grass a likeness to Ruth, and I mentioned it to Mrs. Silver. But when Mrs. Silver adopted Ruth, the babe was orphaned indeed. Both father and mother were dead, and Ruth was the only child. It is impossible, therefore, that the likeness between Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass can be any thing but accidental. Do not say any thing of this to Ruth or Mrs. Silver; it would grieve them. Look at Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass; see them as they are, and think what a gulf separates them."

A gulf indeed! But still I was not satisfied.

I found it much easier to learn the fullest particulars concerning Tom Beadle. Plainly and simply, he was a thief, and had been in prison a dozen times at least. The day following our holiday-making he was brought up at the police court on a common charge of pick-pocketing. Blade-o'-Grass begged me to intercede for him with the magistrate; but for me to do so was impossible, as I knew nothing concerning him but what was bad. "He loves me, Sir, does Tom," she pleaded; "and I love 'im!" And said it as if it were a sufficient reason for his not being punished. It was impossible to reason with her on the matter; all that concerned herself and Tom Beadle she could look at from only one point of view. Whether he worked or whether he stole, nearly every farthing he obtained was spent in food. Blade-o'-Grass's stand-point was that she and Tom and the baby must have bread, and that if they could not get it one way they must get it another. Tom Beadle did work sometimes as a coster-monger; but the difficulties in his way were very serious because of his antecedents, and he rebelled against these difficulties sullenly and savagely, and bruised his soul against them. He was no casuist, and made no attempt to excuse himself. He was simply a man at war with society, a man whose keen intellect had been sharpened and perfected in bad soil. As I write of him now, I can see him slouching along in his patched clothes, with defiance in his mind. Watchful eyes have been upon him almost from his birth; they are upon him now, whichever way he turns, and he knows it, and has grown up in the knowledge. Respectability turns its back upon him—naturally, for he is its enemy. Even benevolence shrinks from him, for the spirit of cunning and ingratitude lurks in his every motion. I paint him as I knew him, in the plainest of colors. He had one redeeming trait in his character: he loved Blade-o'-Grass, after his fashion, with as much sincerity as good men love good women. His love for her had come to him naturally, as other worse qualities in his nature had come. By Blade-o'-Grass he was loved, as she had truly said, but with that deeper love of which only a woman's nature is capable. Hers was capable of the highest form of gratitude, of the highest form of love. She was faithful to Tom Beadle, and she loved her child with as perfect, ay, and as pure a love as can animate the breast of the most delicate lady in the land.

"I AIN'T A-GOIN' 'OME ANY MORE."

Overshadowing these bright streaks of light was a darker line. When she was a mere babe, afterward when she was a child, afterward when she was a woman, she frequently suffered the pangs of hunger; she often knew what it was to want a crust of bread. From these sufferings came the singular and mournful idea that she had within her a ravenous creature which she called a tiger, and which, when she was hungry, tore at her entrails for food. This tiger had been the terror of her life, and it was with her an agonizing belief that she had endowed her child with the tiger curse: I can find no other term of expression. From this belief nothing could drive her. Talk to her of its folly, of its impossibility, and you talked to stone. Her one unfailing answer was, "Ah, I know; you can't. I feel it, and my baby feels it also." I learned the story of this tiger from her own lips. I found her waiting for me one morning at the corner of the street in which I lived. It was while Tom Beadle was undergoing his term of imprisonment. I stopped and spoke to her, and she asked might she say something to me. Yes, I answered, I could spare her a few minutes; and I led the way to my rooms.

"It was Mr. Wirtue as told me to come to you, Sir," she said; "he ain't so 'ard on me as he was."

"I am glad you are friends again," I said. "Will you have some bread-and-butter?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir."

I cut some bread-and-butter for her and her child, and I dissolved some preserved milk in warm water for her. She watched with keen interest the process of making this milk, and when she tasted it said, with a touch of humor of which she was quite unconscious:

"They won't want no more mothers by-and-by, Sir, what with sich milk as this, and feedin'-bottles, and p'ramberlaters!"

While she was eating and giving her child to eat, she reverted to Jimmy Virtue.

"You see, Sir, he was mad with me 'cause I wouldn't give up Tom; but I couldn't do that, Sir, arter all we've gone through. We growed up together, Sir. If you knowed all Tom's done for me, you'd wonder 'ow any body could 'ave the 'eart to arks me to give 'im up. Tom 'as stuck to me through thick and thin, and I'll stick to 'im as long as ever I live! I've 'eerd talk of sich things as 'eart-strings. Well, Sir, my 'eart-strings 'd break if I was to lose 'im. Leave Tom! Give 'im up *now!* No, Sir; it wouldn't be natural, and what ain't natural can't be good."

Blade-o'-Grass cut straight into the core of many difficulties with her unconsciously uttered truisms. When she and her child had eaten all I had set before them, she opened the business she had come upon. Then it was that I heard the history of the tiger.

"It's inside o' me, Sir; I was born with it. When I was little, there was a talk o' cuttin' me open, and takin' the tiger out; but they didn't do it, Sir. Per'aps it 'd been better for me if they 'ad."

I attempted to reason her out of her fancy; but I soon saw how useless were my arguments. She shook her head with sad determination, and smiled piteously.

"It don't stand to reason as you can understand it, Sir. *You* ain't got a tiger in *your* inside! I 'ave, and it goes a-tearin' up and down inside o' me, eatin' me up, Sir, till I'm fit to drop down dead. It was beginnin' this mornin', Sir, afore I seed you."

"Did you have any breakfast, my poor girl?"

"Not much, Sir; a slice o' bread and some water 'tween me and baby. You see, Sir, Tom's not 'ere, and I've 'ad some bad days lately."

"You don't feel the tiger now?"

"No, Sir; it's gone to sleep."

I sighed.

"I wish," she continued, "I could take somethin' as 'd kill it. I tried to ketch it once—yes, Sir, I did; but it was no go. I 'adn't 'ad nothink to eat for a long time, and it was goin' on awful. Then, when I got some grub, I thought if I put it down on the table, and set it afore me with my mouth open, per'aps the tiger 'd see it, and come up and fetch it. I was almost frightened out of my life as I waited for it; for I've never seed it, Sir, and I don't know what it's like. But it wouldn't come; it knows it's book, the tiger does! I waited till I was that faint that I could 'ardly move, and I was forced to send the grub down to it. I never tried that move agin, Sir."

I told her I was sorry to hear that she had been unfortunate lately. She nodded her head with an air of weary resignation.

"It can't be 'elped, Sir, I s'ppose. A good many societies 'as sprung up, and they're agin me, I think. Oh yes, Sir, we know all about 'em. It warn't very long ago that I was walkin' a long way from 'ome, with some matches in my 'and; I thort I'd try my luck where nobody knowed me. A gentleman stopped and spoke to me. 'You're beggin',' he said. I didn't deny it, but I didn't say nothin', for fear o' the peelers. 'It's no use your comin' 'ere,' he said; 'we've got a society in this neighborhood, and we don't give nothink to the poor. Go and work.' Then he went on to tell me—as if I cared to 'ear 'im, but he was one as liked to 'ear 'isself talk—that it was sich as me as was the cause of every think that's bad. Well, Sir, that made me open my eyes, and I couldn't 'elp arksing 'im if it was bad for me to try and git a bit o' bread for my baby; but he got into sich a passion that I was glad to git away from 'im. Another gentleman persuaded me to go to a office where they looked arter the likes o' me. I went, and when they 'eerd me out, they said they'd make inquiries into my case. Well, Sir, they did make inquiries, and it come to the old thing that I've 'eerd over and over and over agin. They said they'd do somethink for me if I'd leave Tom; but when they spoke agin 'im I stood up for 'im, and they got angry, and said as I was no good. Then another party as I went to said they'd take my child—which I 'ad no business to 'ave, they said—if I liked, and that they'd give me ten shillin's to set me up in a stock of somethink to sell for my livin'. Part with my child!" exclaimed Blade-o'-Grass, snatching the little one to her lap, and looking around with fierce fear, as if enemies were present ready to tear her treasure from her. "Sell my 'eart for ten shillin's! You're a parson, Sir, and I put it to you. What do *you* say to partin' mother and child?"

What could I say? I was dumb. It was best to be so upon such straightforward questions propounded by a girl who, in her position and with her feelings, could understand and would recognize no logic but the logic of natural laws; it was best to be silent if I wished to do good, and I did wish it honestly, sincerely. The more I saw of Blade-o'-Grass, the more she interested me; the more she interested me, the more she pained me. I saw before me a problem, hard as a rock, sensitive as a flower—a problem which no roundabout legislation can solve in the future or touch in the present. Other developments will to a certainty start up in time to come—other developments, and worse in all likelihood, because a more cultivated intelligence may be engaged in justifying what now ignorance is held to be some slight excuse for.

"Then, Sir," continued Blade-o'-Grass, driving her hard nails home, "if I was one o' them unnatural mothers as don't care for their children, and took the orfer—'ow about the ten shillin's to set me up in a stock o' somethin' to sell? What do the peelers say to a gal as tries to sell any thin' in the streets? Why, there ain't a inch o' flag-stone as she's got a right to set 'er foot on! And as for the curb, as don't belong properly to nobody, and's not wanted for them as walks or them as rides, why, a gal daren't stand on it to save 'er life! And that's the way it goes, Sir; that's the way it goes! But I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm wanderin' away from what I come for, and I'm a-takin' up your time."

"Go on, my poor girl," I said; "let me know what I can do for you."

"It ain't for me, Sir; it's for my baby."

"What can I do for her, the poor little thing?" I asked, pinching the child's cheek, who showed no pleasure, however, at my caress; there dwelt in her face an expression of mournfulness which was native to her, and which nothing could remove. "What can I do for her?"

"Pray for 'er!" implored Blade-o'-Grass, with all her soul in her eyes, from which the tears were streaming.

I started slightly, and waited for further explanation. Blade-o'-Grass regarded me earnestly before she spoke again.

"You see, Sir, she was born with a tiger inside of 'er, the same as I was; it ain't 'er fault, the dear, it's mine. It breaks my 'eart to think as she'll grow up like me, and that the tiger 'll never leave 'er. I talked to Mr. Wirtue about it yesterday, and he says to me, 'Why don't you go to the parson, and arks 'im to *pray* the tiger out of 'er?' And so I've come, Sir. You'd 'ardly believe what I'd do if it was set me to do, if I could get the tiger away from my dear. I'd be chopped up, Sir, I would! Mr. Wirtue says prayer 'll do any think, and that if I didn't believe 'im, I was to arks you if it won't. I can't pray myself; I don't know 'ow to. So I've come to you to arks you to pray the tiger out of my baby!"

I scarcely remember in what terms I replied. I know, however, that I sent Blade-o'-Grass away somewhat consoled, saying that she would teach her baby to bless me every day of her life if my prayers were successful.

VI.

FOR THESE AND SUCH AS THESE.

AND now it becomes necessary that I should say something concerning my private history. I have made mention of a friend to whom I owed my education and position, and whose friendship it saddened me to think I should probably soon lose. It is of this friend, in connection with myself, that I am about to speak.

His name was Fairhaven. He was a great speculator, and his ventures had been so successful that he had become famous in the stock and money markets. At this time he was nearly seventy years of age, unmarried, and he had no family connection in which he took the slightest interest, none, indeed, which he would recognize. Although I was indebted to him in the manner I have stated, I did not see him, and did not even know his name, until I had arrived at manhood and had chosen my career. All that I knew was that he was very wealthy, and it was by almost the merest accident that I discovered his name and real position. I made this discovery at a critical time. A season of great distress had set in in my parish, and I became acquainted with much misery, which, for want of means, I was unable to alleviate. I yearned for money. Where could I obtain it? I thought of Mr. Fairhaven. I said to myself, "He has been good to me, and he is a wealthy man, and might be willing to assist me. Surely he would not miss a little of his money, and I could do so much with it." I must explain that I had before this time endeavored to ascertain the name of the gentleman who had befriended me when I was left an orphan, but I was told by his agents that it was his wish to remain unknown. I respected that wish, and did not prosecute my inquiries. Even now that I had accidentally discovered his name, I should not for my own sake have pressed myself upon him; but for the sake of those suffering ones whom I was unable to relieve for want of money, I determined to do so. When I presented myself to him, he regarded me attentively, and with some symptoms of agitation. I said I hoped he was not displeased with me for coming to him. No, he answered, he was not displeased; and he made me so welcome that I ventured to thank him for his past goodness to me. Then I made my appeal to him, and after some consideration, he placed at my disposal the sum of a hundred pounds, intimating that the same amount would be paid to me every year, to spend according to my own discretion among the poor of my parish. I was overjoyed at this good result of my courage, and I thanked him cordially for his liberality. Up to this time I have received the money regularly, and have been enabled to do much good with it. I visited him occasionally to inform him how his money was expended, and even in the midst of his vaster operations, I think he was glad to hear of the good which sprang from the seed he placed in my hands to sow among my poor. After a time he asked me to visit him more frequently, saying that he was a lonely man, and that my visits were an agreeable relief to him. I owed him too deep a debt of gratitude to refuse, and I saw him as often as the duties of my position would allow. As our intimacy ripened, I learned, from chance words which escaped from him now and then, that he was not satisfied with the groove in which I was working. Knowing that we were not in the slightest way related to each other, I was naturally curious to learn why he took so deep an interest in me; but when I approached the subject he stopped me somewhat sternly, and desired me to speak of other matters. The impression I had gained that he was dissatisfied with my career became strengthened in every succeeding interview. And one night he made me a startling proposition.

I have a clear remembrance of that night and all the details connected with it. We were conversing in the pleasant garden of his house, which was situated on the bank of the river Thames. From where we sat we commanded a clear view of the river. The tide was ebbing, and the river's water was flowing toward the sea. The heavens were bright, and the fragrant air was whispering among the leaves. The water was murmuring with a sweet sibilation as it flowed toward a mightier power, and the stars were flashing in its depths.

On that night Mr. Fairhaven said that he wished he had known me earlier in life; he would have chosen for me a different career; but it was not too late now. "I am a childless man," he said, "and I have grown to love you." He proposed that I should resign my office, and come and live with him as his heir; had I been his son he could not have expressed himself more affectionately toward me. He took me entirely into his confidence, and endeavored to win my sympathy in his career. He showed me how he had risen to wealth—nay, he showed me by his books and by other evidence the wealth itself which he had accumulated. I was amazed at its extent. I had no idea that he was so rich. As a proof of the sincerity of his offer, he said he would settle a large sum of money on me immediately, and that the bulk of his fortune should be mine when he was dead. There were certain conditions attached to his proposal. I was to bear his name when he died, and I was to pledge myself on my honor to live fully up to my means, and to take what he considered to be the proper position in society of a man who possessed so large a fortune. "Money has its duties," he said—"duties which I perhaps have neglected, but which it shall be your pleasant task to perform." In a word, I was to become a man of fashion, and I was to do whatever was necessary in the world of fashion to make the name of Fairhaven notable. He laid great stress upon this latter stipulation, and I understood that his money was not to be mine to do as I pleased with in any other way.

I listened to his proposal in silence. For a short while I was overwhelmed by the offer and by the generosity which prompted it. But even as I listened I felt that I could not accept it. The prospect he held out to me did not dazzle me. To my mind, the mere possession of a large amount of money has no attraction, and confers no distinction; to possess it and to spend it in the way Mr. Fairhaven had set down appeared to my understanding a dreary task, and was distinctly inimical to the views I had formed of life and its duties. Besides, I had grown to love my labors; I was bound by the tenderest links of love and humanity to the people among whom I moved. Look where I would, I saw no higher lot in life than that which I had chosen, and—a selfish reason perhaps—I was happy in my choice.

I answered Mr. Fairhaven to this effect, and was about to refuse his offer absolutely, when he stopped me. I saw by his face that he anticipated what I was about to say. He did not want my answer then, he said; he wished me to take a certain time for reflection—a time extending over two years, and to expire on the anniversary of my thirty-third birthday. He asked me to study the matter well during this interval, and in the consideration of it to throw aside all false sentiment and eccentricity. He proposed to gain admission for me into certain circles, where I could see in full operation the machinery of the life he wished me to adopt; and he added—not as a threat, but simply as part of a resolution he had formed—that if, at the expiration of the allotted time, I did not accept his proposal, I must never expect to receive one shilling of his money. The time passed. At the expense of my duties I made leisure to move in the society in which he wished me to move; I studied its machinery; I made myself acquainted with its inner life, with its aims, desires, ambitions, results; as far as opportunity served, I probed its depths, and my resolution to decline Mr. Fairhaven's offer was strengthened. It is not for me here to state the reasons which led to the conclusion I formed. They sprang from my heart and my conscience; they were and are part of myself, which I could no more tear from myself than I could resist the course of time.

I visited Mr. Fairhaven on the appointed day, and acquainted him with my decision. I spoke in words and tone as gentle as I could command; for I bore in mind the great debt I owed him, and the exceeding generosity of his offer. He looked at me with eyes of doubt and surprise as I spoke, and turned from me when I finished. When he spoke, it was in a hard, cold tone.

"And that is your positive decision?" he said.

"Yes, Sir."

"There is nothing hidden behind it?—or stay! Perhaps you have not had sufficient time for reflection. Let the matter rest for a little while longer."

I told him that, if I had twenty years for reflection, my answer would be the same.

"You are aware," he said, "that you are inflicting a great disappointment upon me?"

"I can not but be aware of it, Sir," I replied, "and it pains me exceedingly to know it."

"You said a little while ago," he said, referring to words I had used, "that when I took you into my confidence, I endeavored to win your sympathy in my career. Did I win it?"

"No, Sir."

"Why?"

I determined to speak frankly.

"It seemed to me that you had amassed money simply for its own sake, and not for the sake of the good uses to which it may be applied. According to my thinking, money is only sweet when it is well earned and well spent."

I saw that he pondered over these words.

"Your life," he said, "must contain special attractions, that you are so wedded to it. You have made friends, doubtless."

"Many, Sir, thank God! Friends to whom I am deeply attached."

"Tell me of them, and let me ascertain for myself the superior inducements of the life you lead to the life which you reject."

I considered for a few moments. I thought of Mrs. Silver and her happy home and family; but connected with them in my mind were the less wholesome figures of Tom Beadle, Blade-o'-Grass, and Jimmy Virtue. As a foil to these, however, were the figures of Mr. Merrywhistle, and Robert Truefit and his family. I resolved to show this picture in a complete form, as presenting a fair variety of those among whom my life was passed. As I mentioned the names of these persons and described them, Mr. Fairhaven wrote them on a leaf in his pocket-book. I laid the greatest stress upon the figures of Mrs. Silver and her family, and I endeavored to show this part of the picture in bright colors. But I was honest throughout, and I spoke plainly of Tom Beadle, Blade-o'-Grass, and Jimmy Virtue. When the picture was completed, Mr. Fairhaven read the names aloud, and exclaimed, angrily,

"A pretty circle of portraits truly! The principal of them thieves and gutter children! Andrew Meadow, it is incomprehensible to me. But your mind is set upon them, evidently.

Can any thing I can say move you from your resolution?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Then here we part," he said, sternly and bitterly. "As you can not be moved from your resolution, I can not be moved from mine. Not one shilling of my money shall you ever receive. I have striven hard for your good, and you reject me for these and such as these!"

He tapped the list scornfully and rose. I understood from his action that I was dismissed. I knew it would be useless to attempt to soften him: he was a man of inflexible resolution.

"You need not trouble yourself," he said, "to call upon me again, unless I send for you. Good-night."

"Before I go, Sir," I said, very sad at heart, "let me say how truly grateful I am to you for your past kindness to me. I shall hold you in my heart and mind with thankfulness and gratitude until my dying day."

Then I walked sadly out of the peaceful garden toward the city, where lay my labor of love.

Two matters must be mentioned before I close this chapter.

The first is that, before I acquainted Mr. Fairhaven with the decision I had arrived at, I endeavored again to ascertain from what motive he had educated and befriended me when I was left an orphan. He refused distinctly to give me any explanation.

The next is that the hundred pounds a year he had hitherto given me to spend among my poor was stopped from that day. This grieved me exceedingly. I think I had never fully understood the power of money until then.

VII.

HEALTHY BODY MAKES HEALTHY MIND.

It was but natural that the loss of so good a friend as Mr. Fairhaven should have had an effect upon my spirits, and I felt it the more deeply because he had parted from me in anger. I did not for one moment doubt that I had decided rightly, but it would have been a happiness to me to have retained Mr. Fairhaven's friendship. I found myself brooding over it and growing melancholy. I sorely felt the need of sympathy, or at least of that consolation which one derives from unbosoming himself to his friends. Mrs. Silver saw my distress of mind, and with delicate tact led me to confide in her. I told her the story—the temptation, the trial, the result—and I asked her if I had done right. Only she and Rachel were present when I commenced to tell my story; and Rachel, divining by my first words that I was about to impart a confidence to Mrs. Silver, rose to leave the room; but I desired her to stay, and she resumed her seat and continued her work.

"Have I done right, dear friend?" I asked of Mrs. Silver when I had concluded.

I saw that she was much affected. Between friends such as we had grown to be but few words were needed. I was bending anxiously toward her as I asked the question. She took my hand and kissed me.

"I am old enough to be your mother," she said; "it gladdens me to know that we are friends."

I was inexpressibly consoled and comforted. I looked toward Rachel. Her bosom was heaving, and a tender radiance was in her face. My heart leaped up as I saw. Immediately I turned to her she knew that I was gazing at her, and she rose hurriedly and left the room. Mrs. Silver looked at me with solemn tenderness and followed her blind child. From that moment a new tie seemed to be established between us, and I came and went as one of the family.

As regards private social life, I know of no happier phase of it than that which allows you to have only a few intimate friends, and which does not compel you to fritter away your hours among a host of acquaintances who have no heart-regard for you—paying a cold visit here, a cold visit there, glad when they are over; receiving these conventional visits in return, and uttering commonplaces the while which are devoid of meaning and have no suspicion of earnestness. Where you have within hail a few friends between whom and yourself a sincere esteem exists, room is given for earnest feeling to flower; the true heart-glow is felt, and you give and receive smiles which are not artificial, and speak and hear words which are good and glad utterances. In time the ties which bind you and your friends grow as strong as ties of blood-kindred, and when a face is missed from the circle, you mourn for it with genuine grief and affection.

Such a phase of social life existed with the Silvers and their friends, of whom Robert Truefit was not the least esteemed. Wherever he was, the conversation was always animated. He was a man who thought for himself, and was not willing to be led unless his reason approved. Under any circumstances, Robert Truefit would not have been satisfied with going through the world blindfold. In no sense of the word an agitator, he was always ready to express his opinion, and you might depend that that opinion would be the result of a fairly exercised judgment. He was contented with his position as an ordinary workman, but this does not imply that he was without ambition. He simply recognized that it is folly to knock your head against stones. In a new country, such as America, Canada, or any of the Australasian colonies, he would have risen by sheer force of character; but in England, with the ties that he had gathered about him, the chances were against him. I am anxious that the character of Robert Truefit should not be misunderstood. He was in nowise discontented with the groove in which he labored. He was a good husband and a good father. Fond of an argument he certainly was; but he was not that kind of man who justifies himself by a proverb. He chafed at injustice to others, and he often expressed indignation at the neglect of public morality, which, he contended, characterized the government of the country. "They look after the trees," he said, "and neglect the flowers. It is a cant saying that you can not make people moral by Act of Parliament. Keep dinning a thing in the people's ears, and whether it be true or false, it will come to be believed in as something not to be controverted. They will believe that a bread pill will prolong life indefinitely, if it be advertised sufficiently. I say you can make people moral by Act of Parliament. You can make them clean and you can compel them to be decent, and those qualities go a very long way toward morality."

We were all together one evening, talking of the good prospect that lay before Charley, who, firmly established as overseer of a large printing establishment, was saving money with the view of setting up for himself in business "one of these fine days," as he said. Ruth was busy upon something marvelous in the shape of a frock for baby, and much serious conversation was indulged in by the females on the subject of trimmings. Said Ruth,

"Charley, when baby grows up, she shall write a book, and you shall print it."

"Why," exclaimed Charley, "you don't want baby to be a blue-stocking, do you, Ruth?"

"She will be clever enough for any thing," said Ruth, confidently. "There, mother, don't you think she will look beautiful in this?" And Ruth held up the frock for inspection.

"I begin to think," said Charley, "that I am ambitious. Are you?" he asked of Robert Truefit.

"I can't afford to be," answered Robert Truefit, with a smile. "In my position, and with my responsibilities, ambition would lead to discontent—discontent to unhappiness. I have seven pairs of feet to provide boots and shoes for, and you can guess what that means."

I had heard and read a great deal of the extravagance and improvidence of the working-man, and looking upon Robert Truefit as a fair sample of the better class—better because right-minded and intelligent—I asked him if he was saving money for a rainy day, as the saying is.

"The only rainy day," he said, "for which I have been able to provide in the shape of money is the day on which I shall die. Then my wife, if she is alive, and if the company in which my life is insured is not dishonest, will receive two hundred pounds. Every year I pay the insurance a weight is taken from my heart; not so much because I am able to pay it, as because my children are a year nearer to the time when they will be able to work for their mother and assist her, should any thing happen to me." He gave me a bright look. "I am endeavoring to train my young ones properly, and in that way, perhaps, I *may* say that I am saving up for a rainy day. But I see that you are anxious for further particulars. If you will give me a hint in what direction to let my tongue run, I shall be glad to oblige you."

"Well," I suggested; "concerning income and expenditure."

"I can give you a plain experience on those heads," he said, frankly, "because I am, after a certain fashion, methodical, much more so than many of my mates. I put down my earnings every week in a little memorandum-book, and on the opposite side I put down the way in which my earnings are spent. This is a good lesson for my youngsters, who learn the value of system in the practical matters of life. You know, Sir, that I have five children—two girls and three boys. The youngest is eleven months old, the eldest ten years of age on his next birthday. Now, last year, from the first day to the last, I earned ninety-nine pounds ten shillings, and every farthing of my earnings, with the exception of thirty-eight shillings, which was spent in junketing, went in the necessaries of life and in paying my policy."

"What were your out-door pleasures?"

"Once during the year we took the children to the Crystal Palace. We went once to the theatre to see a pantomime; and my eldest youngsters begged so hard to be taken to the Brighton Aquarium on one of the Bank holidays, that I could not resist them; and really I was glad of the opportunity of seeing it myself. We had a capital day, and it did the children good in many ways; it opened the eyes of their minds, I may say. Our rent makes a big hole. We pay seventeen pounds a year, including taxes, for our house, which contains three rooms and a small kitchen or wash-house—quite as little as we can do with. Meat is another big item. Then I work three miles away from home, and that's an item. In examining the figures, which Jane and I did very carefully when I balanced the account—we have the fear of that rainy day you have mentioned very strong upon us sometimes, I assure you, Sir—we could not find one item which was not properly in its place, and which in our opinion could have been set under the head of extravagance. Yet I know that there are political economists—I call them by the name they give themselves—who would not agree with me. The money spent in amusements I have no doubt they would say I ought to have saved: I deny it. We have a right—every human being has—to a reasonable share of healthful pleasure. 'Your meat bill ought to have been a little less,' they would also doubtless say: I deny it. We have little enough as it is; more than half the meat we eat is Australian meat, and we like it! The children's bodies must be healthfully nourished if they are to grow into right-minded, reasonable men and women. Healthy body makes healthy mind. Twenty-six shillings a year spent in reading! 'Monstrous!' the political economists would exclaim. Why, my newspapers cost me not less than eight shillings a year, and there's a weekly publication, and an occasional oddment for the children; and is my wife, or am I, not to read a work of fiction occasionally—or are these things not for such as we? It is they who are monstrous who set up such monstrous cries. So they would go through my book, and prove that out of my earnings of ninety-nine pounds ten shillings I ought to have saved a handsome sum. I have observed that it is only among the ranks of the well-to-do that you find your political economists. They argue from the wrong end—they themselves, mind you, being seated the while on a snug and comfortable elevation; they cast up lines of figures, and judge the life of an individual by means of a monster called Aggregate—which Aggregate, I take it, is, applied to such a purpose, the most absurd and unjust standpoint that mind of man could have invented."

VIII.

THIS 'ERE FREE AND 'LIGHTENED COUNTRY OF OURN'S CRAMMED FULL O' TEMPLES O' LIBERTY.

The withdrawal of Mr. Fairhaven's hundred pounds a year compelled me to relinquish many plans I had formed. It was a sore blow to me, and I had to pinch and save in order to carry out promises I had made to some of my poor people. From the Silvers I received not only sympathy, but help in the shape of money, without which I am sure I could not have got along. Between Rachel and myself a confidence of a peculiar and affectionate nature was gradually established. I spoke to her freely of my troubles, and confided in her, and asked counsel of her. By what mysterious means it was that she—blind from her birth, and with no such knowledge of the world as comes from actual contact with it—could have gained the wise insight into character which she possessed, it is beyond my power to say. Perhaps it was because she did not doubt, and believed in the capacity for goodness in others.

A long time had now passed since the children's holiday in the country, and yet the incident of Rachel's distress on that day at the sound of Blade-o'-Grass's voice had never been referred to in any of our conversations. Truth to tell, I hesitated to open a subject which had caused so much pain to the blind maid; but I never lost sight of it. I was often on the verge of speaking about it, but I checked the impulse. One day, however, I referred to it, almost without thought.

"I knew," said Rachel, "that you would speak to me about it at some time or other, and I have thought it strange that you have not done so before now. I think it was out of consideration for me." I did not answer. "But you have had it in your mind?"

"Yes, Rachel, I have never forgotten it."

"Nor I." She clasped her hands upon her lap, and said, quietly, "Seeing that you were silent, I should have mentioned it myself, if I could have mustered sufficient courage; but I was too much afraid. Are we to speak of it now?"

"As you think fit, Rachel."

"It will be best, perhaps. Mr. Meadow," she said, earnestly, "it is not wrong for two persons to have a secret, if the keeping of it harms no one, and if the disclosure would bring pain to their friends."

"Surely not in such a case, Rachel."

"I am so glad to know it! Will you, then, let what we say to each other upon this subject remain a secret between us, unless you should think it will serve a good end one day to refer to it or disclose it?"

"Yes, Rachel. This shall be a confidence between us."

"That is good; it is a confidence between us." She placed her hand upon mine for a moment, as if that action sealed the confidence. "Mr. Meadow, I told you that I had heard the poor girl's voice before that day. It was when Ruth and Charley were courting. We had spent a happy day at the Exhibition with Charley, and we were walking home, when I heard some one utter words which ring in my ears now. It was Ruth's voice, but it was not Ruth who spoke. The words were: 'For God's sake, Tom, bring home some money, for there's not a bit of bread in the cupboard!' Without stopping to think, I cried out to Ruth, and asked her if it was she who spoke. I told her what I had heard, and that the voice was like hers; and Ruth went to the poor girl and gave her money."

"It was Blade-o'-Grass you heard, Rachel. The man who finds food for her is named Tom."

"I never spoke of it afterward; I did not dare to, for my thoughts. Tell me, Mr. Meadow, what is Blade-o'-Grass like? Describe her to me."

I described the poor outcast as faithfully as it was possible for me to do. Rachel was silent for a little while; she was looking at the portrait.

"What color is her hair, Mr. Meadow?"

"Dark brown."

"The same color as Ruth's!" she exclaimed, in a tone of distress. "And her eyes?"

"Dark brown, also."

"So are Ruth's."

She twined her fingers nervously.

"She has a very pretty dimple, Rachel."

Rachel uttered a sob of thankfulness.

"Ruth has no dimple," she said, gratefully.

I reflected seriously before I spoke. Such implicit faith did I have in Rachel's instincts that, without a shadow of direct evidence, indeed with all evidence against it, I was tempted still to believe that there was kinship between Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass. Yet what good purpose could possibly be served in tracing it? Would it not be bringing pain and shame to Ruth's door?—"No, no!" I cried, in my thoughts, "pain, doubtless, but not shame! Ruth has been too purely brought up for shame to touch her. She would stretch forth a sympathizing hand to Blade-o'-Grass. With a loving heart and with loving words she would influence her for good: love would prevail where friendship failed. Blade-o'-Grass might by that influence be brought to see in their proper light the relations that existed between Tom Beadle the thief and herself, and might—"

Ah me! ah me! I paused here, in grief, too sorrowful to carry out the thread of my reflections. I had had but few interviews with Blade-o'-Grass; but when, feeling my duty press heavily upon me, I had approached the subject which most grieved her friends, I had found her deaf and implacable to my words. She placed her back against the rock of natural affection, and every argument used against Tom Beadle struck her with a feather's weight. To break the tie seemed to me to be impossible. There remained, then, but one right thing to be done. To sanctify it by the sacrament of marriage, and thus fasten the hold which the thief had upon her. Let no man come between them then! This girl, in whom there was so much latent good, would be linked for life to a thief. His infamous life would be hers, his lot would be hers, and nothing should separate them but death!

At the date of my present conversation with Rachel, I had not seen Blade-o'-Grass for many weeks, and I knew that Tom Beadle was out of prison and at work again in his bad way. I determined to seek her out that very night. I had promised to visit Jimmy Virtue in company with Robert Truefit. Jimmy had expressed a wish to see us, and he would most likely be able to tell me where I could find Blade-o'-Grass. These thoughts occupied but a very few moments in passing through my mind; and I turned again to Rachel.

"When I heard poor Blade-o'-Grass," I said to her, "speak to her baby, her voice sounded strangely familiar to me. Yet it seems scarcely possible that what you and I have in our minds with reference to her should be more than fancy."

But Rachel gently shook her head, and we diverged to other subjects.

Robert Truefit and I met by appointment, and walked together to Jimmy Virtue's leaving-shop. Jimmy Virtue was in his parlor, and upon our entrance he hastily gathered up an old pack of cards with which he had been playing. The deal table was bare of cloth, and was smeared over with chalk figures representing many thousands of pounds.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Jimmy Virtue; "there you are! I've been 'avin' a game of all-fours with Jack."

I looked around for Jack, but saw no signs of him. There was but one tallow-candle burning in the room, and that was stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, and was guttering down.

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Jimmy

"SLOUCHING ALONG IN HIS PATCHED CLOTHES, WITH DEFIANCE IN HIS MIND."

Virtue; "I've got a bundle to tie up in the shop."

"This is a miserable place to live in," I said to Robert Truefit when Jimmy Virtue had left the room. "Who is Jack?"

"A shadow," replied Robert Truefit—"a shadow of Jimmy's creation, with whom he plays at cards in his loneliness, and cheats out of fabulous sums—money, Jack, and all being things of air. Look at the chalk score on the table; Jimmy has won more than three thousand pounds of Jack. Is not truth stranger than fiction, Mr. Meadow? Jack sits there."

Robert Truefit pointed to a chest upon which the imaginary Jack was supposed to sit while he was being robbed. So dimly lighted was the room that I could easily have fancied a shadow was really sitting on the chest, gazing with lack-lustre eyes upon another shadow in Jimmy Virtue's chair, where Jimmy Virtue was not. A mournful picture of a desolate life, I thought.

Jimmy Virtue appeared to have forgotten us, for Robert Truefit and I had been ten minutes together, and were not disturbed.

"Is he attending to customers?" I asked.

"There's no customer in the shop," said Robert Truefit, peeping in. He went into the shop, and I followed him. Jimmy Virtue was standing at the street-door, muttering to himself.

"That's the second time I've seed 'im 'ere," he muttered, "the second time this week; but it's been too dark to ketch a good sight of 'is face. Now what does he come 'angin' about 'ere for?"

He was watching the figure of a man who was standing in that part of Stony Alley where the deepest shadows lay.

"Do you know him, Jimmy?" asked Robert Truefit.

"He's a 'Postle," replied Jimmy Virtue.

"An Apostle," explained Robert Truefit to me. I wondered, not knowing what meaning might be attached to the word.

"He calls 'isself a Delegate, but I calls 'im a 'Postle—a 'Postle o' Liberty. I'd like to ketch a good sight of that there 'Postle's face. Pff! What's this a-runnin' in my 'ead?"

He glared around with his one useful eye, as if shadows were jostling him on every side; and in a thoughtful mood he accompanied us to the parlor. There he opened the chest which formed Jack's resting-place, and, diving to the bottom, brought up a small wooden box. Without a word he opened the box, and turned out the contents. "There's a rum lot o' things 'ere," he said, after a long pause, during which he had been examining the articles, each of which was wrapped in paper, upon which there was writing. "All gold and silver things that's never been called for. I didn't like to part with 'em. 'Ere's a bit o' coral, 'xactly like a foot and leg; this garter round the leg is gold. I lent fourteenpence on it to a cove as 'ad seen better days—so he told me. Them better days must ha' been a precious long time afore I set eyes on 'im! 'Ere's a bit o' jade, with a band o' silver on it. That come from Chiney. 'Ere's a woman's likeness on a broach—enamel, it is. A pretty face! 'tain't so pretty now, I'll be bound! I've 'ad this for thirty year. 'Ere's a—ah, 'ere it is!" He lighted upon something he had been seeking for. "What do you call this, now?" he asked.

"I should call it a wedding-ring," said Robert Truefit.

"So should I. I ain't 'ad many things like what's in this box brought to me to lend money on. Peddicuts and gownds and old boots is more in my line."

He replaced all the things in the wooden box with the exception of the wedding-ring, which he put in his pocket.

"Now, then, Jimmy," said Robert Truefit, "tell us what you wanted to see us about."

"Well, you know that place they calls Paul's Buildin's. It's been empty ever so long, and there's a large 'all in it."

"I know it, Jimmy."

"Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. The 'all's been taken for twelve bob a week by some fellers as 'as formed theirselves into a society called the Workin'-man's League—a society as is goin' to stick up for workin'-men's rights and all that sort o' thing. And what do you think they've painted on the door, Bob? Why, the Temple o' Liberty! And this feller as comes 'angin' round 'ere to-night calls 'isself a Delegate. *I* calls 'im a 'Postle. It sounds better, don't it? 'Im and 'is mates meets three times a week at the Temple o' Liberty to take in members at tuppence a 'ead, and to collar subscriptions. Lord! they'd collar any think, sich fellers as them! They do a pretty good stroke o' business altogether, I should say."

"If Jimmy's not mistaken," observed Robert Truefit to me, "these are some of the men who live by the trade. But what makes you so interested in this one particular man, Jimmy?"

"I'd rather not say jist now, Bob. But I did ketch jist a glimpse o' 'is face, and if I'm right, I've seed it afore. Per'aps I *am* right; per'aps I ain't. Any'ow, this ain't the time to speak, 'cordin' to my judgment, till I'm more settled about it. There's a big meetin' next week at the Temple o' Liberty, and there'll be some tall speechifyin', I dare say. I'll 'ave a good look at that there 'Postle's face then. Will you go, Bob? and you, Sir? This is a sort o' thing as ought to be looked into. If I was a workin'-man like Bob, I shouldn't be satisfied without I 'ad a finger in the pie—though there's nothin' good to be got out of it, mind you, unless you're a 'Postle! And if I was a parson, I'd think it my duty to 'ear what they've got to say for theirselves."

We promised to accompany Jimmy Virtue to the meeting; and then I asked him if he knew where Blade-o'-Grass lived. He went into Stony Alley with us, closing his shop door, and pointed out the house.

"She's got a room on the third floor," he said; "she went into it last week. They fly about like birds, them gals do; it seems as they can't rest nowhere. But they allus comes back to the old spot! She was born about 'ere, and it's my opinion she'll die about 'ere. What are you goin' to do, Bob?"

"I shall stop here until Mr. Meadow's visit is paid.—Nay, Sir," he said, seeing that I was about to attempt to dissuade him, "I shall wait for you. Our roads home are the same, and perhaps you will allow me to walk part of the way with you."

"I shall go," said Jimmy Virtue, "and smoke a pipe outside the True Briton's Delight. I've got the lonelies on me to-night, and Jack's not allus the best o' company; gits stupid like, and 's got no go in 'im. You'll see me there as you pass."

I walked up the dark stairs until I came to the third floor, and knocked at the door of the only room in which there was a light. Blade-o'-Grass came to the door and opened it. She courtesied when she saw me, and asked me to come in. There was some anxiety in her face, but this was no new phase in her. I asked after the child.

"It's that as troubles me, Sir," she said. "Come and look at it."

The child was lying on the bed, with its eyes closed. Blade-o'-Grass touched her, and she opened her eyes; but there was no sign of recognition in her face, and no smile or look of gladness as the mother leaned over her. The expression was one of settled mournfulness; it appeared to me as if neither pain nor joy could affect it.

"She's been like this, Sir," whispered Blade-o'-Grass, "for nigh on a week, and I don't know what to make of it. She lays there for hours without movin' and without speakin'. She don't complain a bit; but it can't be right, can it, Sir?—Speak to me, my life! Speak to me!"

But the child made no response to these and other endearing words; a mournful lethargy had fallen upon her, and she lay like one in a trance.

"She takes her food?"

"Yes, Sir, but not much; she don't seem to care for it. She don't arks for none."

"Has any doctor been to see her?"

"I've got no money, Sir."

I knew of a doctor of fair repute who was popular among the poor, and whose charge was eighteenpence a visit, with medicine included. I gave Blade-o'-Grass three shillings, and told her it would pay for two visits. She thanked me with tears in her eyes, and said that she would run for the doctor immediately I was gone.

"I wish to say a few words to you first, my dear; I will not detain you long."

She placed a chair for me, and stood before me.

"Where is Tom?" I asked.

"I don't know, Sir; I ain't seed 'im all day."

"It is about him I wish to speak, Blade-o'-Grass."

She looked distressed; but I was not to be discouraged.

"Is it not possible," I continued, "for him to get a living in any other way than the way he does?"

"'Ow do I know, Sir? I think Tom 'd do any think to earn a pound a week. A pound a week! 'Ow 'appy we should be then! But 'ow's he to do it, Sir? Tell us the way, Sir."

"Nay," I said, "he must find the way himself—"

She interrupted me impatiently. "If I didn't know as you was a good friend to me, Sir, I should think as you was mockin' of me, like the others. Don't you say it all over agin, Sir!" she entreated, with a nervous movement of the hands. "It makes me sick and mad like! I've 'eerd it a 'underd times afore, and every time I arks which way we're to turn, I'm told that we've got to find out the way for ourselves."

She looked toward her child, and I saw that she was anxious to go for the doctor. It would have been cruel to continue the theme then; but I could not leave her without carrying out my intention. I asked her if she had ever been to church.

"Once," she answered.

"Only once?" I said, sadly.

"That's all, Sir; I never went agin. I stood near the door while the bells was ringin'. I like to 'ear them bells; they rest me like, and it was them as drawed me on. A lot o' fine people was comin' along the streets all round, and goin' in while I stood there. Some on 'em looked 'appy, 'specially the gals as was about the same age as me; but some on 'em looked orful glum, as if they knowed they was bad uns, and was goin' to be preached to!—beggin' your pardon, Sir. Some of the ladies was dressed beautiful, and more nor one on 'em 'eld their gownds away from me as they parsed, for fear I should 'ave spoiled 'em by touchin' 'em. One lady in lavender silk pulled 'er two little gals away because they was close to me, and looked at me as much as to say that I'd got no business to be there. No more I 'ad, Sir, I know. I remember them things, Sir. All the people got in, and the bells stopped, and then I thought 'ow I should like to go in too. It took a deal o' courage to push open the door, and my 'eart was in my mouth when I did it; but that was nothin' to what come arterward. When I was inside, I thort I should ha' dropped down with fright, a lot on 'em stared at me so 'ard like; and what with that and the place bein' so grand, I turned all over like a jelly. Then a

"THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE SEED 'IM 'ERE."

big man comes up to me lookin' very stern and solemn. I thort he was a-goin' to give me in charge, and I was goin' to cry out and beg 'im not to, when he clapped 'is 'and on my mouth, and put me somewhere where I couldn't see nothink, and where I could only 'ear a drummin' in my ears like a lot o' flies, except when the people was a-singin'. But I was frightened all the while, and when the doors was throwed open, I run out as fast as I could, for fear somethin' 'd be done to me. I never went no more; it seemed to me as if I'd no right to go."

"Do you know where my church is, child?"

"No, Sir."

I wrote the address on a piece of paper, and gave it to her.

"I can't read, Sir," she said, with a flush in her cheeks.

I begged her pardon, and told her the name of the church, and the street it was in. "If you will come there, my dear, next Sabbath, I shall be glad to see you. And don't think you have no right there! You have as much right as the best-dressed lady in the church."

She thanked me, and said she would come because I had been good to her.

"And bring Tom," I said.

She shook her head. "I don't think Tom 'll come, Sir."

"Not for your sake?" I asked.

"Tom 'll do almost any think for me," she said, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Do you know," I said, very gently, "that living as you are living now with Tom gives great pain to your friends?"

She bit her lips rebelliously, and put on her dogged look.

"And that it is wrong in the sight of God?"

There was no softening of the dogged look; it hardened rather.

"And," I continued, "there is so simple and so good a way of atoning for this wrong—a way that will bring Tom nearer to you, that will bind him closer to you. If, as you say, Tom will do any thing for you, ask him to marry you."

The dogged look vanished; joy, wonder, took its place.

"Marry me!" she exclaimed, softly. "Oh, Tom, if you would! if you would, Tom!"

"Is there any doubt of it?"

"I never arksed 'im, Sir! I never arksed 'im."

"Well, dear child, ask him now, and let me know."

"Won't it cost money, Sir?" she asked, anxiously.

"But little; and that little I will find."

She held out her hand to me in thankfulness. She had learned to trust me.

"I'll arks Tom, Sir. Though mind!" she said, out of the noble chivalry of her nature, "nothink that Tom can do can bring me nearer to 'im, or make 'im stick closer to me! But I'll do it, Sir, because you think it's good, and because I think, too, it might be righter so." She turned with a new-born joy in her face, and knelt by the bed; and as I went out of the room, I heard her whisper to her child, "Baby! baby! me and Tom's goin' to git married! Ain't you glad, baby?"

Robert Truefit was waiting for me in Stony Alley.

"I am glad you have come at this moment," he said, as we walked out of the alley. "You see those two men before us? One is Tom Beadle, and the other is the Delegate who roused Jimmy so strangely to-night."

"They are not walking together; they do not seem to be acquainted."

"No; but supposing this one to be an Apostle of Liberty, and that one a thief, it is well that they should be strangers."

Their destination, however, was the same. They both paused before the door of the True Briton's Delight, and both entered the building, which was a triumph of architecture, with its gay decorations and pillars. The light that came from this bad palace was dazzling.

"A bright coffin," observed Robert Truefit, "for virtue and morality."

Jimmy Virtue was leaning against one of the lamp-posts opposite the public-house, smoking his pipe.

"I've been thinkin', Bob," he said, with reflective puffs, "as I've been standin' watchin' the people go in and out, that this 'ere free and 'lightened country of ourn's crammed full o' Temples o' Liberty."

"Crammed full of them!" exclaimed Robert Truefit, humoring his friend. "Why, what kind of places, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Virtue extended his pipe in the direction of the True Briton's Delight.

"Them kind o' places," he said.

Robert Truefit laughed. "And where on earth, Jimmy, in those temples is liberty to be found?"

"At the bottom o' pewter pots," replied Jimmy Virtue, with a flourish of his pipe. "And the persevering way the free and 'lightened Briton searches for it in them pewter pots is a 'stonishing thing, Bob—a very 'stonishing thing!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER XI.

Victor dressed and went out. The streets were crowded. Workmen were every where employed in the childish operation of removing all insignia, and obliterating all names, that showed where an empire had existed. One greasy citizen, mounted on a ladder, was effacing the words "Boulevard Haussman," and substituting for Haussman "Victor Hugo."

Suddenly De Mauléon came on a group of blouses, interspersed with women holding babies and ragged boys holding stones, collected round a well-dressed slender man, at whom they were hooting and gesticulating, with menaces of doing something much worse. By an easy effort of his strong frame the Vicomte pushed his way through the tormentors, and gave his arm to their intended victim.

"Monsieur, allow me to walk home with you."

Therewith the shrieks and shouts and gesticulations increased. "Another impertinent! Another traitor! Drown him! Drown them both! To the Seine! To the Seine!" A burly fellow rushed forward, and the rest made a plunging push. The outstretched arm of De Mauléon kept the ringleader at bay. "*Mes enfans*," cried Victor, with a calm clear voice, "I am not an Imperialist. Many of you have read the articles signed Pierre Firmin, written against the tyrant Bonaparte when he was at the height of his power. I am Pierre Firmin—make way for me." Probably not one in the crowd had ever read a word written by Pierre Firmin, nor even heard of the name. But they did not like to own ignorance; and that burly fellow did not like to encounter that arm of iron which touched his throat. So he cried out, "Oh! if you are the great Pierre Firmin, that alters the case. Make way for the patriot Pierre!" "But," shrieked a virago, thrusting her baby into De Mauléon's face, "the other is the Imperialist, the capitalist, the vile Duplessis. At least we will have him." De Mauléon suddenly snatched the baby from her, and said, with imperturbable good temper, "Exchange of prisoners! I resign the man, and I keep the baby."

No one who does not know the humors of a Parisian mob can comprehend the suddenness of popular change, or the magical mastery over crowds, which is effected by quiet courage and a ready joke. The group was appeased at once. Even the virago laughed; and when De Mauléon restored the infant to her arms, with a gold piece thrust into its tiny clasp, she eyed the gold, and cried, "God bless you, citizen!" The two gentlemen made their way safely now.

"M. de Mauléon," said Duplessis, "I know not how to thank you. Without your seasonable aid I should have been in great danger of life; and—would you believe it?—the woman who denounced and set the mob on me was one of the objects of a charity which I weekly dispense to the poor."

"Of course I believe that. At the Red clubs no crime is more denounced than that of charity. It is the 'fraud against *Egalité*'—a vile trick of the capitalist to save to himself the millions he ought to share with all by giving a *sou* to one. Meanwhile take my advice, M. Duplessis, and quit Paris with your young daughter. This is no place for rich Imperialists at present."

"I perceived that before to-day's adventure. I distrust the looks of my very servants, and shall depart with Valérie this evening for Bretagne."

"Ah! I heard from Louvier that you propose to pay off his mortgage on Rochebriant, and make yourself sole proprietor of my young kinsman's property."

"I trust you only believe half what you hear. I mean to save Rochebriant from Louvier, and consign it, free of charge, to your kinsman, as the *dot* of his bride, my daughter."

"I rejoice to learn such good news for the head of my house. But Alain himself—is he not with the prisoners of war?"

"No, thank Heaven. He went forth an officer of a regiment of Parisian Mobiles—went full of sanguine confidence; he came back with his regiment in mournful despondency. The undiscipline of his regiment, of the Parisian Mobiles generally, appears incredible. Their insolent disobedience to their officers, their ribald scoffs at their general—oh, it is sickening to speak of it! Alain distinguished himself by repressing a mutiny, and is honored by a signal compliment from the commander in a letter of recommendation to Palikao. But Palikao is nobody now. Alain has already been sent into Bretagne, commissioned to assist in organizing a corps of Mobiles in his neighborhood. Trochu, as you know, is a Breton. Alain is confident of the good conduct of the Bretons. What will Louvier do? He is an arch Republican. Is he pleased now he has got what he wanted?"

"I suppose he is pleased, for he is terribly frightened. Fright is one of the great enjoyments of a Parisian. Good-day. Your path to your hôtel is clear now. Remember me kindly to Alain."

De Mauléon continued his way through streets sometimes deserted, sometimes thronged. At the commencement of the Rue de Florentin he encountered the brothers Vandemar walking arm in arm.

"Ha, De Mauléon!" cried Enguerrand; "what is the last minute's news?"

"I can't guess. Nobody knows at Paris how soon one folly swallows up another. Saturn here is always devouring one or other of his children."

"They say that Vinoy, after a most masterly retreat, is almost at our gates with eighty thousand men."

"And this day twelvemonth we may know what he does with them."

Here Raoul, who seemed absorbed in gloomy reflections, halted before the hotel in which the Comtesse di Rimini lodged, and with a nod to his brother, and a polite, if not cordial, salutation to Victor, entered the *porte cochère*.

"Your brother seems out of spirits—a pleasing contrast to the uproarious mirth with which Parisians welcome the advance of calamity."

"Raoul, as you know, is deeply religious. He regards the defeat we have sustained, and the peril that threatens us, as the beginning of a divine chastisement, justly incurred by our sins—I mean the sins of Paris. In vain my father reminds him of Voltaire's story, in which the ship goes down with a *fripon* on board. In order to punish the *fripon*, the honest folks are drowned."

"Is your father going to remain on board the ship, and share the fate of the other honest folks?"

"*Pas si bête.* He is off to Dieppe for sea-bathing. He says that Paris has grown so dirty since the 4th September that it is only fit for the feet of the Unwashed. He wished my mother to accompany him; but she replies, 'No; there are already too many wounded not to need plenty of nurses.' She is assisting to inaugurate a society of ladies in aid of the *Sœurs de Charité*. Like Raoul, she is devout, but she has not his superstitions. Still his superstitions are the natural reaction of a singularly earnest and pure nature from the frivolity and corruption which, when kneaded well up together with a slice of sarcasm, Paris calls philosophy."

"And what, my dear Enguerrand, do you propose to do?"

"That depends on whether we are really besieged. If so, of course I become a soldier."

"I hope not a National Guard?"

"I care not in what name I fight, so that I fight for France."

As Enguerrand said these simple words his whole countenance seemed changed. The crest rose; the eyes sparkled; the fair and delicate beauty which had made him the darling of women—the joyous sweetness of expression and dainty grace of high-breeding which made him the most popular companion to men—were exalted in a masculine nobleness of aspect, from which a painter might have taken hints for a study of the young Achilles separated forever from effeminate companionship at the sight of the weapons of war. De Mauléon gazed on him admiringly. We have seen that he shared the sentiments uttered—had resolved on the same course of action. But it was with the tempered warmth of a man who seeks to divest his thoughts and his purpose of the ardor of romance, and who, in serving his country, calculates on the gains to his own ambition. Nevertheless he admired in Enguerrand the image of his own impulsive and fiery youth.

"And you, I presume," resumed Enguerrand, "will fight too, but rather with pen than with sword."

"Pens will now only be dipped in red ink, and common-sense never writes in that color; as for the sword, I have passed the age of forty-five, at which military service halts. But if some experience in active service, some knowledge of the art by which soldiers are disciplined and led, will be deemed sufficient title to a post of command, however modest the grade be, I shall not be wanting among the defenders of Paris."

"My brave dear Vicomte, if you are past the age to serve, you are in the ripest age to command; and with the testimonials and the cross you won in Algeria, your application for employment will be received with gratitude by any general so able as Trochu."

"I don't know whether I shall apply to Trochu. I would rather be elected to command even by the Mobiles or the National Guard, of whom I have just spoken disparagingly; and no doubt both corps will soon claim and win the right to choose their officers. But if elected, no matter by whom, I shall make a preliminary condition: the men under me shall train and drill and obey—soldiers of a very different kind from the youthful Pekins nourished on absinthe and self-conceit, and applauding that Bombastes Furioso, M. Hugo, when he assures the enemy that Paris will draw an idea from its scabbard. But here comes Savarin. *Bonjour*, my dear poet."

"Don't say good day. An evil day for journalists and writers who do not out-Herod Blanqui and Pyat. I know not how I shall get bread-and-cheese. My poor suburban villa is to be pulled down by way of securing Paris; my journal will be suppressed by way of establishing the liberty of the press. It ventured to suggest that the people of France should have some choice in the form of their government."

"That was very indiscreet, my poor Savarin," said Victor; "I wonder your printing-office has not been pulled down. We are now at the moment when wise men hold their tongues."

"Perhaps so, M. de Mauléon. It might have been wiser for all of us, you as well as myself, if we had not allowed our tongues to be so free before this moment arrived. We live to learn; and if we ever have what may be called a passable government again, in which we may say pretty much what we like, there is one thing I will not do—I will not undermine that government without seeing a very clear way to the government that is to follow it. What say you, Pierre Firmin?"

"Frankly, I say that I deserve your rebuke," answered De Mauléon, thoughtfully. "But of course you are going to take or send Madame Savarin out of Paris?"

"Certainly. We have made a very pleasant party for our hegira this evening—among others the Morleys. Morley is terribly disgusted. A Red Republican slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'American, we have a republic as well as you.' 'Pretty much you know about republics,' growled Morley; 'a French republic is as much like ours as a baboon is like a man.' On which the Red roused the mob, who dragged the American off to the nearest station of the National Guard, where he was accused of being a Prussian spy. With some difficulty, and lots of brag about the sanctity of the Stars and Stripes, he escaped with a reprimand, and caution how to behave himself in future. So he quits a city in which there no longer exists freedom of speech. My wife hoped to induce Mademoiselle Cicogna to accompany us; I grieve to say she refuses. You know she is engaged in marriage to Gustave Rameau; and his mother dreads the effect that these Red clubs and his own vanity may have upon his excitable temperament if the influence of Mademoiselle Cicogna be withdrawn."

"How could a creature so exquisite as Isaura Cicogna ever find fascination in Gustave Rameau!" exclaimed Enguerrand.

"A woman like her," answered De Mauléon, "always finds a fascination in self-sacrifice."

"I think you divine the truth," said Savarin, rather mournfully. "But I must bid you good-by. May we live to shake hands *réunis sous des meilleurs auspices*."

Here Savarin hurried off, and the other two men strolled into the Champs Elysées, which were crowded with loungers, gay and careless, as if there had been no disaster at Sedan, no overthrow of an empire, no enemy on its road to Paris.

In fact, the Parisians, at once the most incredulous and the most credulous of all populations, believed that the Prussians would never be so impertinent as to come in sight of the gates. Something would occur to stop them! The King had declared he did not make war on Frenchmen, but on the Emperor: the Emperor gone, the war was over. A democratic republic was instituted. A horrible thing in its way, it is true; but how could the Pandour tyrant brave the infection of democratic doctrines among his own barbarian armies? Were not placards, addressed to our "German brethren," posted upon the walls of Paris, exhorting the Pandours to fraternize with their fellow-creatures? Was not Victor Hugo going to publish "a letter to the German people? Had not Jules Favre graciously offered peace, with the assurance that France would not cede a stone of her fortresses—an inch of her territory? She would pardon the invaders, and not march upon Berlin!" To all these, and many more such incontestable proofs, that the idea of a siege was moonshine, did Enguerrand and Victor listen as they joined group after group of their fellow-countrymen: nor did Paris cease to harbor such pleasing illusions, amusing itself with piously laying crowns at the foot of the statue of Strasburg, swearing "they would be worthy of their Alsacian brethren," till on the 19th of September the last telegram was received, and Paris was cut off from the rest of the world by the iron line of the Prussian invaders. "Tranquil and terrible," says Victor Hugo, "she awaits the invasion! A volcano needs no assistance."

CHAPTER XII.

We left Graham Vane slowly recovering from the attack of fever which had arrested his journey to Berlin in quest of the Count von Rudesheim. He was, however, saved the prosecution of that journey, and his direction turned back to France, by a German newspaper, which informed him that the King of Prussia was at Rheims, and that the Count von Rudesheim was among the eminent personages gathered there around their sovereign. In conversing the same day with the kindly doctor who attended him, Graham ascertained that this German noble held a high command in the German armies, and bore a no less distinguished reputation as a wise political counselor than he had earned as a military chief. As soon as he was able to travel, and indeed before the good doctor sanctioned his departure, Graham took his way to Rheims, uncertain, however, whether the Count would still be found there. I spare the details of his journey, interesting as they were. On reaching the famous and, in the eyes of the Legitimists, the sacred city, the Englishman had no difficulty in ascertaining the house, not far from the cathedral, in which the Count von Rudesheim had taken his temporary abode. Walking toward it from the small hotel in which he had been lucky enough to find a room disengaged—slowly, for he was still feeble—he was struck by the quiet conduct of the German soldiery, and, save in their appearance, the peaceful aspect of the streets. Indeed, there was an air of festive gayety about the place, as in an English town in which some popular regiment is quartered. The German soldiers thronged the shops, buying largely; lounged into the *cafés*; here and there attempted flirtations with the *grisettes*, who laughed at their French and blushed at their compliments; and in their good-humored, somewhat bashful cheeriness, there was no trace of the insolence of conquest.

But as Graham neared the precincts of the cathedral his ear caught a grave and solemn music, which he at first supposed to come from within the building. But as he paused and looked round he saw a group of the German military, on whose stalwart forms and fair, manly, earnest faces the setting sun cast its calm, lingering rays. They were chanting, in voices not loud but deep, Luther's majestic hymn, *Nun danket alle Gott*. The chant awed even the ragged beggar boys who had followed the Englishman, as they followed any stranger, would have followed King William himself, whining for alms. "What a type of the difference between the two nations!" thought Graham; "the *Marseillaise*,

and Luther's Hymn!" While thus meditating and listening, a man in a general's uniform came slowly out of the cathedral, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent slightly downward. He, too, paused on hearing the hymn; then unclasped his hand and beckoned to one of the officers, to whom, approaching, he whispered a word or two, and passed on toward the Episcopal palace. The hymn hushed, and the singers quietly dispersed. Graham divined rightly that the general had thought a hymn thanking the God of battles might wound the feelings of the inhabitants of the vanquished city—not, however, that any of them were likely to understand the language in which the thanks were uttered. Graham followed the measured steps of the general, whose hands were again clasped behind his back—the musing habit of Von Moltke, as it had been of Napoleon the First.

Continuing his way, the Englishman soon reached the house in which the Count von Rudesheim was lodged, and sending in his card, was admitted at once through an anteroom, in which sat two young men, subaltern officers, apparently employed in draughting maps, into the presence of the Count.

"Pardon me," said Graham, after the first conventional salutation, "if I interrupt you for a moment or so in the midst of events so grave, on a matter that must seem to you very trivial."

"Nay," answered the Count, "there is nothing so trivial in this world but what there will be some one to whom it will be important. Say how I can serve you."

"I think, M. le Comte, that you once received in your household, as teacher or governess, a French lady, Madame Marigny."

"Yes, I remember her well—a very handsome woman. My wife and daughter took great interest in her. She was married out of my house."

"Exactly. And to whom?"

"An Italian of good birth, who was then employed by the Austrian government in some minor post, and subsequently promoted to a better one in the Italian dominion, which then belonged to the house of Hapsburg, after which we lost sight of him and his wife."

"An Italian! What was his name?"

"Ludovico Cicogna."

"Cicogna!" exclaimed Graham, turning very pale. "Are you sure that was the name?"

"Certainly. He was a cadet of a very noble house, and disowned by relations too patriotic to forgive him for accepting employment under the Austrian government."

"Can you not give me the address of the place in Italy to which he was transferred on leaving Austria?"

"No; but if the information be necessary to you, it can be obtained easily at Milan, where the head of the family resides, or, indeed, in Vienna, through any ministerial bureau."

"Pardon me one or two questions more. Had Madame Marigny any children by a former husband?"

"Not that I know of: I never heard so. Signor Cicogna was a widower, and had, if I remember right, children by his first wife, who was also a Frenchwoman. Before he obtained office in Austria he resided, I believe, in France. I do not remember how many children he had by his first wife. I never saw them. Our acquaintance began at the baths of Toplitz, where he saw and fell violently in love with Madame Marigny. After their marriage they went to his post, which was somewhere, I think, in the Tyrol. We saw no more of them; but my wife and daughter kept up a correspondence with the Signora Cicogna for a short time. It ceased altogether when she removed into Italy."

"You do not even know if the signora is still living?"

"No."

"Her husband, I am told, is dead."

"Indeed! I am concerned to hear it. A good-looking, lively, clever man. I fear he must have lost all income when the Austrian dominions passed to the house of Savoy."

"Many thanks for your information. I can detain you no longer," said Graham, rising.

"Nay, I am not very busy at this moment; but I fear we Germans have plenty of work on our hands."

"I had hoped that, now the French Emperor, against whom your King made war, was set aside, his Prussian majesty would make peace with the French people."

"Most willingly would he do so if the French people would let him. But it must be through a French government legally chosen by the people. And they have chosen none! A mob at Paris sets up a provisional administration, that commences by declaring that it will not give up 'an inch of its territory nor a stone of its fortresses.' No terms of peace can be made with such men holding such talk." After a few words more over the state of public affairs—in which Graham expressed the English side of affairs, which was all for generosity to the vanquished, and the Count argued much more ably on the German, which was all for security against the aggressions of a people that would not admit itself to be vanquished—the short interview closed.

As Graham at night pursued his journey to Vienna, there came into his mind Isaura's song of the Neapolitan fisherman. Had he, too, been blind to the image on the rock? Was it possible that all the while he had been resisting the impulse of his heart, until the discharge of the mission intrusted to him freed his choice and decided his fortunes, the very person of whom he was in search had been before him, then to be forever won, lost to him now forever? Could Isaura Cicogna be the child of Louise Duval by Richard King? She could not have been her child by Cicogna: the dates forbade that hypothesis. Isaura must have been five years old when Louise married the Italian.

Arrived at Milan, Graham quickly ascertained that the post to which Ludovico Cicogna had been removed was in Verona, and that he had there died eight years ago. Nothing was to be learned as to his family or his circumstances at the time of his death. The people of whose history we know the least are the relations we refuse to acknowledge. Graham continued his journey to Verona. There he found on inquiry that the Cicognas had occupied an apartment in a house which stood at the outskirts of the town, and had been since pulled down to make way for some public improvements. But his closest inquiries could gain him no satisfactory answers to the all-important questions as to Ludovico Cicogna's family. His political alienation from the Italian cause, which was nowhere more ardently espoused than at Verona, had rendered him very unpopular. He visited at no Italian houses. Such society as he had was confined to the Austrian military within the Quadrilateral or at Venice, to which city he made frequent excursions: was said to lead there a free and gay life, very displeasing to the signora, whom he left in Verona. She was but little seen, and faintly remembered as very handsome and proud-looking. Yet there were children—a girl, and a boy several years younger than the girl; but whether she was the child of the signora by a former marriage, or whether the signora was only the child's stepmother, no one could say. The usual clew in such doubtful matters, obtainable through servants, was here missing. The Cicognas had only kept two servants, and both were Austrian subjects, who had long left the country—their very names forgotten.

Graham now called to mind the Englishman, Selby, for whom Isaura had such grateful affection, as supplying to her the place of her father. This must have been the Englishman whom Louise Duval had married after Cicogna's death. It would be no difficult task, surely, to ascertain where he had resided. Easy enough to ascertain all that Graham wanted to know from Isaura herself, if a letter could reach her. But, as he knew by the journals, Paris was now invested—cut off from all communication with the world beyond. Too irritable, anxious, and impatient to wait for the close of the siege, though he never suspected it could last so long as it did, he hastened to Venice, and there learned through the British consul that the late Mr. Selby was a learned antiquarian, an accomplished general scholar, a *fanatico* in music, a man of gentle temper, though reserved manners; had at one time lived much at Venice: after his marriage with the Signora Cicogna he had taken up his abode near Florence. To Florence Graham now went. He found the villa on the skirts of Fiesole, at which Mr. Selby had resided. The peasant who had officiated as gardener and share-holder in the profits of vines and figs was still, with his wife, living on the place. Both man and wife remembered the *Inglese* well; spoke of him with great affection, of his wife with great dislike. They said her manners were very haughty, her temper very violent; that she led the *Inglese* a very unhappy life; that there were a girl and a boy, both hers by a former marriage; but when closely questioned whether they were sure that the girl was the signora's child by the former husband, or whether she was not the child of that husband by a former wife, they could not tell; they could only say that both were called by the same name—Cicogna; that the boy was the signora's favorite—that, indeed, she seemed wrapped up in him; that he died of a rapid decline a few months after Mr. Selby had hired the place, and that shortly after his death the signora left the place and never returned to it; that it was little more than a year that she had lived with her husband before this final separation took place. The girl remained with Mr. Selby, who cherished and loved her as his own child. Her Christian name was Isaura, the boy's Luigi. A few years later Mr. Selby left the villa and went to Naples, where they heard he had died. They could give no information as to what had become of his wife. Since the death of her boy that lady had become very much changed—her spirits quite broken, no longer violent. She would sit alone and weep bitterly. The only person out of her family she would receive was the priest; till the boy's death she had never seen the priest, nor been known to attend divine service.

"Was the priest living?"

"Oh no; he had been dead two years. A most excellent man—a saint," said the peasant's wife.

"Good priests are like good women," said the peasant, dryly; "there are plenty of them, but they are all under-ground."

On which remark the wife tried to box his ears. The *contadino* had become a freethinker since the accession of the house of Savoy. His wife remained a good Catholic.

Said the peasant, as, escaping from his wife, he walked into the high-road with Graham, "My belief, *Eccelenza*, is that the priest did all the mischief."

"What mischief?"

"Persuaded the signora to leave her husband. The *Inglese* was not a Catholic. I heard the priest call him a heretic. And the *Padre*, who, though not so bad as some of his cloth, was a meddling bigot, thought it perhaps best for her soul that it should part company with a heretic's person. I can't say for sure, but I think that was it. The *Padre* seemed to triumph when the signora was gone."

Graham mused. The peasant's supposition was not improbable. A woman such as Louise Duval appeared to be—of vehement passions and ill-regulated mind—was just one of those who, in a moment of great sorrow, and estranged from the ordinary household affections, feel, though but imperfectly, the necessity of a religion, and, ever in extremes, pass at once from indifferentism into superstition.

Arrived at Naples, Graham heard little of Selby except as a literary recluse, whose only distraction from books was the operatic stage. But he heard much of Isaura; of the kindness which Madame de Grantmesnil had shown to her, when left by Selby's death alone in the world; of the interest which the friendship and the warm eulogies of one so eminent as the great French writer had created for Isaura in the artistic circles; of the intense sensation her appearance, her voice, her universal genius, had made in that society, and the brilliant hopes of her subsequent career on the stage the *cognoscenti* had formed. No one knew any thing of her mother; no one entertained a doubt that Isaura was by birth a Cicogna. Graham could not learn the present whereabouts of Madame de Grantmesnil. She had long left Naples, and had been last heard of at Genoa; was supposed to have returned to France a little before the war. In France she had no fixed residence.

The simplest mode of ascertaining authentic information whether Isaura was the daughter of Ludovico Cicogna by his first wife—namely, by registration of her birth—failed him, because, as Von Rudesheim had said, his first wife was a Frenchwoman. The children had been born somewhere in France—no one could even guess where. No one had ever seen the first wife, who had never appeared in Italy, nor had even heard what was her maiden name.

Graham, meanwhile, was not aware that Isaura was still in the besieged city, whether or not already married to Gustave Rameau; so large a number of the women had quitted Paris before the siege began that he had reason to hope she was among them. He heard through an American that the Morleys had gone to England before the Prussian investment; perhaps Isaura had gone with them. He wrote to Mrs. Morley, inclosing his letter to the minister of the United States at the court of St. James, and while still at Naples received her answer. It was short and malignantly bitter. "Both myself and Madame Savarin, backed by Signora Venosta, earnestly entreated Mademoiselle Cicogna to quit Paris, to accompany us to England. Her devotion to her affianced husband would not permit her to listen to us. It is only an Englishman who could suppose Isaura Cicogna to be one of those women who do not insist on sharing the perils of those they love. You ask whether she was the daughter of Ludovico Cicogna by his former marriage, or of his second wife by him. I can not answer. I don't even know whether Signor Cicogna ever had a former wife. Isaura Cicogna never spoke to me of her parents. Permit me to ask what business is it of yours now? Is it the English pride that makes you wish to learn whether on both sides she is of noble family? How can that discovery alter your relations toward the affianced bride of another?"

On receipt of this letter Graham quitted Naples, and shortly afterward found himself at Versailles. He obtained permission to establish himself there, though the English were by no means popular. Thus near to Isaura, thus sternly separated from her, Graham awaited the close of the siege. Few among those at Versailles believed that the Parisians would endure it much longer. Surely they would capitulate before the bombardment, which the Germans themselves disliked to contemplate as a last resource, could commence.

In his own mind Graham was convinced that Isaura was the child of Richard King. It seemed to him probable that Louise Duval, unable to assign any real name to the daughter of the marriage she disowned—neither the name borne by the repudiated husband, nor her own maiden name—would, on taking her daughter to her new home, have induced Cicogna to give the child his name; or that after Cicogna's death she herself had so designated the girl. A dispassionate confidant, could Graham have admitted any confidant whatever, might have suggested the more equal probability that Isaura was Cicogna's daughter by his former espousal. But then what could have become of Richard King's child? To part with the future in his hands, to relinquish all the ambitious dreams which belonged to it, cost Graham Vane no pang; but he writhed with indignant grief when he thought that the wealth of Richard King's heiress was to pass to the hands of Gustave Rameau—that this was to be the end of his researches—this the result of the sacrifice his sense of honor imposed on him. And now that there was the probability that he must convey to Isaura this large inheritance, the practical difficulty of inventing some reason for such a donation, which he had, while at a distance, made light of, became seriously apparent. How could he say to Isaura that he had £200,000 in trust for her, without naming any one so devising it? Still more, how constitute himself her guardian, so as to secure it to herself, independently of her husband? Perhaps Isaura was too infatuated with Rameau, or too romantically unselfish, to permit the fortune so mysteriously conveyed being exclusively appropriated to herself. And if she were already married to Rameau, and if he were armed with the right to inquire into the source of this fortune, how exposed to the risks of disclosure would become the secret Graham sought to conceal! Such a secret affecting the memory of the sacred dead, affixing a shame on the scutcheon of the living, in the irreverent hands of a Gustave Rameau—it was too dreadful to contemplate such a hazard. And yet, if Isaura were the missing heiress, could Graham Vane admit any excuse for basely withholding from her, for coolly retaining to himself, the wealth for which he was responsible? Yet, torturing as were these communings with himself, they were mild in their torture compared to the ever-growing anguish of the thought that in any case the only woman he had ever loved—ever could love—who might but for his own scruples and prejudices have been the partner of his life—was perhaps now actually the wife of another; and, as such, in what terrible danger! Famine within the walls of the doomed city: without, the engines of death waiting for a signal. So near to her, and yet so far! So willing to die for her, if for her he could not live: and with all his devotion, all his intellect, all his wealth, so powerless!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 883, page 1080.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LII.

MR. KENNEDY'S WILL.

MR. KENNEDY had fired a pistol at Phineas Finn in Macpherson's Hotel with the manifest intention of blowing out the brains of his presumed enemy, and no public notice had been taken of the occurrence. Phineas himself had been only too willing to pass the thing by as a trifling accident, if he might be allowed to do so, and the Macphersons had been by far too true to their great friend to think of giving him in charge to the police. The affair had been talked about, and had come to the knowledge of reporters and editors. Most of the newspapers had contained paragraphs giving various accounts of the matter; and one or two had followed the example of the *People's Banner* in demanding that the police should investigate the matter. But the matter had not been investigated. The police were supposed to know nothing about it—as how should they, no one having seen or heard the shot but they who were determined to be silent? Mr. Quintus Slide had been indignant all in vain, so far as Mr. Kennedy and his offense had been concerned. As soon as the pistol had been fired and Phineas had escaped from the room, the unfortunate man had sunk back in his chair, conscious of what he had done, knowing that he had made himself subject to the law, and expecting every minute that constables would enter the room to seize him. He had seen his enemy's hat lying on the floor, and, when nobody would come to fetch it, had thrown it down the stairs. After that he had sat waiting for the police, with the pistol, still loaded in every barrel but one, lying by his side—hardly repenting the attempt, but trembling for the result—till Macpherson, the landlord, who had been brought home from chapel, knocked at his door. There was very little said between them, and no positive allusion was made to the shot that had been fired; but Macpherson succeeded in getting the pistol into his possession—as to which the unfortunate man put no impediment in his way, and he managed to have it understood that Mr. Kennedy's cousin should be summoned on the following morning. "Is any body else coming?" Robert Kennedy asked, when the landlord was about to leave the room. "Naebody as I ken o' yet, laird," said Macpherson, "but likes they will." Nobody, however, did come, and the "laird" had spent the evening by himself in very wretched solitude.

On the following day the cousin had come, and to him the whole story was told. After that no difficulty was found in taking the miserable man back to Lough Linter, and there he had been for the last two months in the custody of his more wretched mother and of his cousin. No legal steps had been taken to deprive him of the management either of himself or of his property, so that he was in truth his own master. And he exercised his mastery in acts of petty tyranny about his domain, becoming more and more close-fisted in regard to money, and desirous, as it appeared, of starving all living things about the place—cattle, sheep, and horses, so that the value of their food might be saved. But every member of the establishment knew that the laird was "nae just himself," and consequently his orders were not obeyed. And the laird knew the same of himself, and, though he would give the orders not only resolutely, but with imperious threats of penalties to follow disobedience, still he did not seem to expect compliance. While he was in this state letters addressed to him came for a while into his own hands, and thus more than one reached him from Lord Brentford's lawyer, demanding that restitution should be made of the interest arising from Lady Laura's fortune. Then he would fly out into bitter wrath, calling his wife foul names, and swearing that she should never have a farthing of his money to spend upon her paramour. Of course it was his money, and his only. All the world knew that. Had she not left his roof, breaking her marriage vows, throwing aside every duty, and bringing him down to his present state of abject misery? Her own fortune! If she wanted the interest of her wretched money, let her come to Lough Linter and receive it there. In spite of all her wickedness, her cruelty, her misconduct, which had brought him, as he now said, to the verge of the grave, he would still give her shelter and room for repentance. He recognized his vows, though she did not. She should still be his wife, though she had utterly disgraced both herself and him. She should still be his wife, though she had so lived as to make it impossible that there should be any happiness in their household.

It was thus he spoke when first one and then another letter came from the Earl's lawyer, pointing out to him the injustice to which Lady Laura was subjected by the loss of her fortune. No doubt these letters would not have been written in the line assumed had not Mr. Kennedy proved himself to be unfit to have the custody of his wife by attempting to shoot the man whom he accused of being his wife's lover. An act had been done,

said the lawyer, which made it quite out of the question that Lady Laura should return to her husband. To this, when speaking of the matter to those around him—which he did with an energy which seemed to be foreign to his character—Mr. Kennedy made no direct allusion; but he swore most positively that not a shilling should be given up. The fear of policemen coming down to Lough Linter to take account of that angry shot had passed away; and though he knew, with an uncertain knowledge, that he was not in all respects obeyed as he used to be—that his orders were disobeyed by stewards and servants, in spite of his threats of dismissal—he still felt that he was sufficiently his own master to defy the Earl's attorney and to maintain his claim upon his wife's person. Let her return to him first of all!

But after a while the cousin interfered still further; and Robert Kennedy, who so short a time since had been a member of the Government, graced by permission to sit in the Cabinet, was not allowed to open his own post-bag. He had written a letter to one person, and then again to another, which had induced those who received them to return answers to the cousin. To Lord Brentford's lawyer he had used a few very strong words. Mr. Forster had replied to the cousin, stating how grieved Lord Brentford would be, how much grieved would be Lady Laura, to find themselves driven to take steps in reference to what they conceived to be the unfortunate condition of Mr. Robert Kennedy, but that such steps must be taken unless some arrangement could be made which should be at any rate reasonable. Then Mr. Kennedy's post-bag was taken from him, the letters which he wrote were not sent, and he took to his bed. It was during this condition of affairs that the cousin took upon himself to intimate to Mr. Forster that the managers of Mr. Kennedy's estate were by no means anxious of embarrassing their own duty by so trumpery an additional matter as the income derived from Lady Laura's forty thousand pounds.

But things were in a terrible confusion at Lough Linter. Rents were paid as heretofore on receipts given by Robert Kennedy's agent, but the agent could only pay the money to Robert Kennedy's credit at his bank. Robert Kennedy's checks would, no doubt, have drawn the money out again, but it was almost impossible to induce Robert Kennedy to sign a check. Even in bed he inquired daily about his money, and knew accurately the sum lying at his banker's, but he could be persuaded to disgorge nothing. He postponed from day to day the signing of certain checks that were brought to him, and alleged very freely that an attempt was being made to rob him. During all his life he had been very generous in subscribing to public charities, but now he stopped all his subscriptions. The cousin had to provide even for the payment of wages, and things went very badly at Lough Linter. Then there arose the question whether legal steps should be taken for placing the management of the estate in other hands, on the ground of the owner's insanity. But the wretched old mother begged that this might not be done, and Dr. Macnuthrie, from Callender, was of opinion that no steps should be taken at present. Mr. Kennedy was very ill—very ill indeed; would take no nourishment, and seemed to be sinking under the pressure of his misfortunes. Any steps such as those suggested would probably send their friend out of the world at once.

In fact, Robert Kennedy was dying; and in the first week of May, when the beauty of the spring was beginning to show itself on the braes of Lough Linter, he did die. The old woman, his mother, was seated by his bedside, and into her ears he murmured his last wailing complaint, "If she had the fear of God before her eyes, she would come back to me." "Let us pray that He may soften her heart," said the old lady. "Eh, mother! nothing can soften the heart Satan has hardened till it be hard as the nether millstone." And in that faith he died, believing, as he had ever believed, that the spirit of evil was stronger than the spirit of good.

For some time past there had been perturbation in the mind of that cousin, and of all other Kennedys of that ilk, as to the nature of the will of the head of the family. It was feared lest he should have been generous to the wife who was believed by them all to have been so wicked and treacherous to her husband; and so it was found to be when the will was read. During the last few months no one near him had dared to speak to him of his will, for it had been known that his condition of mind rendered him unfit to alter it; nor had he ever alluded to it himself. As a matter of course there had been a settlement, and it was supposed that Lady Laura's own money would revert to her; but when it was found that in addition to this the Lough Linter estate became hers for life, in the event of Mr. Kennedy dying without a child, there was great consternation among the Kennedys generally. There were but two or three of them concerned, and for those there was money enough; but it seemed to them now that the bad wife, who had utterly refused to acclimatize herself to the soil to which she had been transplanted, was to be rewarded for her wicked stubbornness. Lady Laura would become mistress of her own fortune and of all Lough Linter, and would be once more a free woman, with all the power that wealth and fashion can give. Alas! alas! it was too late now for the taking of any steps to sever her from her rich inheritance! "And the false harlot will come and play havoc here, in my son's mansion," said the old woman, with the extremest bitterness.

The tidings were conveyed to Lady Laura through her lawyer, but did not reach her in full till some eight or ten days after the news of her husband's death. The telegram announcing that event had come to her at her father's house in Portman Square, on the day after that on which Phineas had been arrested, and the Earl had of course known that his great longing for the recovery of his wife's fortune had been now realized. To him there was no sorrow in the news. He had only known Robert Kennedy as one who had been thoroughly disagreeable to himself, and who had persecuted his daughter throughout their married life. There had come no happiness, not even prosperity, through the marriage. His daughter had been forced to leave the man's house, and had been forced also to leave her money behind her. Then she had been driven abroad, fearing persecution, and had only dared to return when the man's madness became so notorious as to annul his power of annoying her. Now by his death a portion of the injury which he had inflicted on the great family of Standish would be remedied. The money would come back, together with the stipulated jointure, and there could no longer be any question of return. The news delighted the old lord—and he was almost angry with his daughter because she also would not confess her delight.

"Oh, papa, he was my husband."

"Yes, yes, no doubt. I was always against it, you will remember."

"Pray do not talk in that way now, papa. I know that I was not to him what I should have been."

"You used to say it was all his fault."

"We will not talk of it now, papa. He is gone, and I remember his past goodness to me."

She clothed herself in the deepest of mourning, and made herself a thing of sorrow by the sacrificial uncouthness of her garments. And she tried to think of him—to think of him, and not to think of Phineas Finn. She remembered with real sorrow the words she had spoken to her sister-in-law, in which she had declared, while still the wife of another man, that she would willingly marry Phineas at the foot even of the gallows if she were free. She was free now; but she did not repeat her assertion. It was impossible not to think of Phineas in his present strait, but she abstained from speaking of him as far as she could.

From day to day, for the first few days of her widowhood, she heard what was going on. The evidence against him became stronger and stronger; whereas the other man, Yosef Mealyus, had been already liberated. There were still many who felt sure that Mealyus had been the murderer, among whom where all those who had been ranked among the stanch friends of our hero. The Chilterns so believed, and Lady Laura; the Duchess so believed, and Madame Goesler. Mr. Low felt sure of it, and Mr. Monk and Lord Cantrip; and nobody was more sure than Mrs. Bunce. There were many who professed that they doubted—men such as Barrington Erle, Laurence Fitzgibbon, the two Dukes—though the younger Duke never expressed such doubt at home—and Mr. Gresham himself. Indeed, the feeling of Parliament in general was one of great doubt. Mr. Daubeny never expressed an opinion one way or the other, feeling that the fate of two second-class Liberals could not be matter of concern to him; but Sir Orlando Drought, and Mr. Roby, and Mr. Boffin were as eager as though they had not been Conservatives, and were full of doubt. Surely, if Phineas Finn were not the murderer, he had been more ill-used by Fate than had been any man since Fate first began to be unjust. But there was also a very strong party by whom no doubt whatever was entertained as to his guilt, at the head of which, as in duty bound, was the poor widow, Mrs. Bonteen. She had no doubt as to the hand by which her husband had fallen, and clamored loudly for the vengeance of the law. All the world, she said, knew how bitter against her husband had been this wretch, whose villainy had been exposed by her dear gracious lord; and now the evidence against him was, to her thinking, complete. She was supported strongly by Lady Eustace, who, much as she wished not to be the wife of the Bohemian Jew, thought even that preferable to being known as the widow of a murderer who had been hung. Mr. Ratler, with one or two others in the House, was certain of Finn's guilt. The *People's Banner*, though it prefaced each one of its daily paragraphs on the subject with a statement as to the manifest duty of an influential newspaper to abstain from the expression of any opinion on such a subject till the question had been decided by a jury, nevertheless from day to day recapitulated the evidence against the member for Tankerville, and showed how strong were the motives which had existed for such a deed. But among those who were sure of Finn's guilt, there was no one more sure than Lord Fawn, who had seen the coat and the height of the man—and the step. He declared among his intimate friends that he could not swear to the person. He could not venture, when upon his oath, to give an opinion. But the man who had passed him at so quick a pace had been half a foot higher than Mealyus; of that there could be no doubt. Nor could there be any doubt as to the gray coat. Of course there might be other men with gray coats besides Mr. Phineas Finn, and other men half a foot taller than Yosef Mealyus. And there might be other men with that peculiarly energetic step. And the man who hurried by him might not have been the man who murdered Mr. Bonteen. Of all that Lord Fawn could say nothing. But what he did say, of that he was sure. And all those who knew him were well aware that in his own mind he was convinced of the guilt of Phineas Finn. And there was another man equally convinced. Mr. Maule, senior, remembered well the manner in which Madame Goesler spoke of Phineas Finn in reference to the murder, and was quite sure that Phineas was the murderer.

For a couple of days Lord Chiltern was constantly with the poor prisoner, but after that he was obliged to return to Harrington Hall. This he did a day after the news arrived of the death of his brother-in-law. Both he and Lady Chiltern had promised to return home, having left Adelaide Palliser alone in the house, and already they had overstaid their time. "Of course I will remain with you," Lady Chiltern had said to her sister-in-law; but the widow had preferred to be left alone. For these first few days—when she must make pretense of sorrow because her husband had died, and had such real cause for sorrow in the miserable condition of the man she loved—she preferred to be alone. Who could sympathize with her now, or with whom could she speak of her grief? Her father was talking to her always of her money; but from him she could endure it. She was used to him, and could remember when he spoke to her of her forty thousand pounds, and of her twelve hundred a year of jointure, that it had not always been with him like that. As yet nothing had been heard of the will, and the Earl did not in the least anticipate any further accession of wealth from the estate of the man whom they had all hated. But his daughter would now be a rich woman, and was yet young, and there might still be splendor. "I suppose you won't care to buy land," he said.

"Oh, papa, do not talk of buying any thing yet."

"But, my dear Laura, you must put your money into something. You can get very nearly five per cent. from Indian stock."

"Not yet, papa," she said. But he proceeded to explain to her how very important an affair money is, and that persons who have got money can not be excused for not considering what they had better do with it. No doubt she could get four per cent. on her money by buying up certain existing mortgages on the Saulsby property, which would no doubt be very convenient if, hereafter, the money should go to her brother's child. "Not yet, papa," she said again, having, however, already made up her mind that her money should have a different destination.

She could not interest her father at all in the fate of Phineas Finn. "Oh! he's committed, is he? I think I remember that Protheroe once told me that in thirty-nine cases out of forty men committed for serious offenses have been guilty of them." The Protheroe here spoken of as an authority in criminal matters was at present Lord Weazeling, the Lord Chancellor.

"But Mr. Finn has not been guilty, papa."

"There is always the one chance out of forty. But, as I was saying, if you like to take up the Saulsby mortgages, Mr. Forster can't be told too soon."

"Papa, I shall do nothing of the kind," said Lady Laura. And then she rose and walked out of the room.

At the end of ten days from the death of Mr. Kennedy there came the tidings of the will. Lady Laura had written to Mrs. Kennedy a letter which had taken her much time in composition, expressing her deep sorrow, and condoling with the old woman. And the old woman had answered: "Madam, I am too old now to express either grief or anger. My dear son's death, caused by domestic wrong, has robbed me of any remaining comfort which the undeserved sorrows of his latter years had not already dispelled. Your obedient servant, Sarah Kennedy." From which it may be inferred that she had also taken considerable trouble in the composition of her letter. Other communications between Lough Linter and Portman Square there were none, but there came through the lawyers a statement of Mr. Kennedy's will, as far as the interests of Lady Laura were concerned. This reached Mr. Forster first, and he brought it personally to Portman Square. He asked for Lady Laura, and saw her alone. "He has bequeathed to you the use of Lough Linter for your life, Lady Laura."

"To me!"

"Yes, Lady Laura. The will is dated in the first year of his marriage, and has not been altered since."

"What can I do with Lough Linter? I will give it back to them." Then Mr. Forster explained that the legacy referred not only to the house and immediate grounds, but to the whole estate known as the domain of Lough Linter. There could be no reason why she should give it up, but very many why she should not do so. Circumstanced as Mr. Kennedy had been, with no one nearer to him than a first cousin, with a property purchased with money saved by his father—a property to which no cousin could by inheritance have any claim—he could not have done better with it than to leave it to his widow in fault of any issue of his own. Then the lawyer explained that, were she to give it up, the world would of course say that she had done so from a feeling of her own unworthiness. "Why should I feel myself to be unworthy?" she asked. The lawyer smiled, and told her that of course she would retain Lough Linter.

Then, at her request, he was taken to the Earl's room and there repeated the good news. Lady Laura preferred not to hear her father's first exultations. But while this was being done she also exulted. Might it not still be possible that there should be before her a happy evening to her days, and that she might stand once more beside the Falls of Linter, contented, hopeful, nay, almost glorious, with her hand in his to whom she had once refused her own on that very spot?

CHAPTER LIII.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

THOUGH Mr. Robert Kennedy was lying dead at Lough Linter, and though Phineas Finn, a member of Parliament, was in prison, accused of murdering another member of Parliament, still the world went on with its old ways, down in the neighborhood of Harrington Hall and Spoon Hall as at other places. The hunting with the Brake hounds was now over for the season—had, indeed, been brought to an auspicious end three weeks since—and such gentlemen as Thomas Spooner had time on their hands to look about their other concerns. When a man hunts five days a week, regardless of distances, and devotes a due proportion of his energies to the necessary circumstances of hunting, the preservation of foxes, the maintenance of good humor with the farmers, the proper compensation for poultry really killed by four-legged favorites, the growth and arrangement of coverts, the lying-in of vixens, and the subsequent guardianship of nurseries, the persecution of enemies, and the warm protection of friends—when he follows the sport, accomplishing all the concomitant duties of a true sportsman, he has not much time left for any thing. Such a one as Mr. Spooner of Spoon Hall finds that his off day is occupied from breakfast to dinner with grooms, keepers, old women with turkeys' heads, and gentlemen in velveteens with information about wires and unknown earths. His letters fall naturally to the Sunday afternoon, and are hardly written before sleep overpowers him. Many a large fortune has been made with less of true devotion to the work than is given to hunting by so genuine a sportsman as Mr. Spooner.

Our friend had some inkling of this himself, and felt that many of the less important affairs of his life were neglected because he was so true to the one great object of his existence. He had wisely endeavored to prevent wrack and ruin among the affairs of Spoon Hall, and had thoroughly succeeded by joining his cousin Ned with himself in the administration of his estate; but there were things which Ned, with all his zeal and all his cleverness, could not do for him. He was conscious that, had he been as remiss in the matter of hunting as that hard-riding but otherwise idle young scamp, Gerard Maule, he might have succeeded much better than he had hitherto done with Adelaide Palliser. "Hanging about and philandering—that's what they want," he said to his cousin Ned.

"I suppose it is," said Ned. "I was fond of a girl once myself, and I hung about a good deal. But we hadn't sixpence between us."

"That was Polly Maxwell. I remember. You behaved very badly then."

"Very badly, Tom; about as bad as a man could behave; and she was as bad. I loved her with all my heart, and I told her so. And she told me the same. There never was any thing worse. We had just nothing between us, and nobody to give us any thing."

"It don't pay, does it, Ned, that kind of thing?"

"It doesn't pay at all. I wouldn't give her up, nor she me. She was about as pretty a girl as I remember to have seen."

"I suppose you were a decent-looking fellow in those days yourself. They say so, but I never quite believed it."

"There wasn't much in that," said Ned. "Girls don't want a man to be good-looking, but that he should speak up and not be afraid of them. There were lots of fellows came after her. You remember Blinks, of the Carabineers? He was full of money, and he asked her three times. She is an old maid to this day, and is living as companion to some crusty, crotchety countess."

"I think you did behave badly, Ned. Why didn't you set her free?"

"Of course I behaved badly. And why didn't she set me free, if you come to that? I might have found a female Blinks of my own, only for her. I wonder whether it will come against us when we die, and whether we shall be brought up together to receive punishment."

"Not if you repent, I suppose," said Tom Spooner, very seriously.

"I sometimes ask myself whether she has repented. I made her swear that she'd never give me up. She might have broken her word a score of times, and I wish she had."

"I think she was a fool, Ned."

"Of course she was a fool. She knows that now, I dare say. And perhaps she has repented. Do you mean to try it again with that girl at Harrington Hall?"

Mr. Thomas Spooner did mean to try it again with the girl at Harrington Hall. He had never quite trusted the note which he had got from his friend Chiltern, and had made up his mind that, to say the least of it, there had been very little friendship shown in the letter. Had Chiltern meant to have stood to him "like a brick," as he ought to have stood by his right-hand man in the Brake country, at any rate a fair chance might have been given him. "Where the devil would be be in such a country as this without me," Tom had said to his cousin, "not knowing a soul, and with all the shooting men against him? I might have had the hounds myself, and might have 'em now if I cared to take them. It's not standing by a fellow as he ought to do. He writes to me, by George! just as he might do to some fellow who never had a fox about his place."

"I suppose he didn't put the two things together," said Ned Spooner.

"I hate a fellow that can't put two things together. If I stand to you, you've a right to stand to me. That's what you mean by putting two things together. I mean to have another shy at her. She has quarreled with that fellow Maule altogether. I've learned that from the gardener's girl at Harrington."

Yes, he would make another attempt. All history, all romance, all poetry, and all prose taught him that perseverance in love was generally crowned with success; that true love rarely was crowned with success except by perseverance. Such a simple little tale of boy's passion as that told him by his cousin had no attraction for him. A wife would hardly be worth having and worth keeping so won. And all proverbs were on his side. "None but the brave deserve the fair," said his cousin. "I shall stick to it," said Tom Spooner. "Labor omnia vincit," said his cousin. But what should be his next step? Gerard Maule had been sent away with a flea in his ear—